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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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LANDS IN THE SOUTH.

SECOND LETTER.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR: There are two plans by which the friends of progress and industry have proposed to reclaim the lands of the South from their desolate and unproductive condition, and redeem the people of those States from the abject poverty and ignorance into which slavery and war have plunged them.

1.—By *individual* efforts of Capitalists or associated companies representing Capital. At the close of the war of the rebellion, millions of dollars were invested in plantations in the five Gulf States, and confiscated States were leased by the Government to private parties, all of whom employed the freedmen as laborers. But the unreconstructed condition of society, and the prejudice against color and enlightened labor, soon drove the agents of these companies North. The freedmen were hunted and persecuted, and the crops almost a failure. For three years these attempts proved comparatively fruitless because of rebel proscription, etc. Capitalists then said, "We will lend no more money to the South until life and property are protected." The political waves rose higher and higher, and culminated in the riots of New Orleans and Memphis, and the murder of thousands of freedmen and loyal whites. One or two instances of the efforts to cultivate the lands under those unfavorable circumstances, by individual effort, will suffice. Two brothers from the North purchased at reduced rates a plantation near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, consisting of about four hundred acres of sugar lands, (*i. e.*, lands for growing sugar-cane), and five hundred acres of cotton lands. Upon this the freedmen and their families (several hundred in number) were collected, and set to work. The first year the cotton worm destroyed that plant, and the other crop was comparatively a failure. Still the colored people must live and their work be compensated; another year they hoped would bring better results. Political animosity rose high, and these gentlemen were regarded as intruders by the repentant (?) "chivalry," yet they pursued their avocation and attended to the management of their estates. In 1866 and 1867 the levees along the Mississippi gave indications of crevasses, and those summers had not passed ere the lands and estates along the river were completely inundated. The brothers are still there, and are hoping *this* year to receive the first installment for reimbursement of the money (thousands of dollars) which they have expended. In other States, Georgia, Mississippi, all except Florida, the same statements might be made. And this brings us to the *second* method of attaining the results sought by all the humane and philanthropic minds of the age, viz., The equalizing of capital and labor, especially in the South.

2.—Associative effort, either through the Government, or by combinations of the people. The Freedmens' Bureau might have been made the instrument of establishing large settlements of the Freed people in every country of every Southern State. As it now is, we must look to private associations to accomplish that result. *Associated* labor alone can succeed in the South, *i. e.* in producing that state of social and political security which is essential to the advancement of a free people. Of these associations but little can now be said of practical results *attained*, but enough has been experienced to prove it the best method of securing peace and prosperity to all classes. Among these associations is the one with which the writer has the honor to be personally associated: "The Homestead Aid Association of Louisiana," the objects and organization of which were published in THE STANDARD last winter. A lady of intelligence and culture, residing in New Orleans; one who has lived there for twenty years, writes as follows: "I believe that no system of investment calculated to secure the purity of the ballot and the true progress of our people, can exceed that of our Homestead Association, of which our Chief Justice Hymen is president. You recollect how thoroughly that question was discussed at our house. Had it been possible for that association to have carried out its measures last year, the political situation of the State would be under our control. Our cause is constantly endangered by further delay. All considerations are minor to this. Gen. Howard's suggestion that the experiment be tried on confiscated plantations instead of government lands deserves attention, and commends itself at once to a *practical* mind."

This Association contemplates the *protection* of the laborer—one or two individuals do not form a sufficient *moral* or *physical* force in a community for protection. When that number is augmented to tens and hundreds, each occupying lands of *their own*, the case is wholly different. When the *freedmen possess the soil*—there will be peace in the South.

It is intended that the above named association shall become a practical measure this year. Men and women of capital, philanthrophy, and a genuine love of progress, will find in this or a kindred plan, the true secret of Southern redemption. Money is of course the great need. One million dollars judiciously expended for these people will save the whole five Gulf States from all *possible* danger of a relapse into the hands of the oligarchy so long misruling them. One hundred thousand dollars in the hands of the association of Louisiana, of which Judge Hymen is president, would *save* the State to loyalty and freedom forever, and make its Freedmen in reality, what they *nominally* are to-day, *free*. Again do I appeal in behalf of this association and the whole South. Let us have capital—lands are lying waste and idle, laborers have nothing to do. Speculation will soon sweep down upon us with its full tide. Send us your money, your tools, your agricultural implements, and we will send you up from the South such bales of cotton, barrels of sugar, and other products; oranges, lemons, and all delicious fruits as shall cause you to believe that the "golden age" has again returned, while industry will take the place of compulsory idleness, and peace will reign where murder and terror have long prevailed.

CONGRESS.

By the way, in the closing paragraph of my last letter I gave some indications of the proposed work of Congress. As that honorable body has adjourned, after two weeks session, until January 5th, we are left with the avalanche of propositions from various members upon the three subjects which constitute the groundwork of the labor of this session.

Members and Senators have jostled each other in their haste to recognize the claims of woman, a singular and hopeful indication, when two years ago, "none were so small as to do us reverence," except the honorable member from New York—who did it in satire.

Then we have such grand minds as Sumner and Morton to grapple with the Financial monster. That Hydra-headed monster who seems to increase in terror with legislation. Here Mr. Pomeroy (who also hastened to do homage to Woman's Cause) has introduced a bill upon Indian affairs, the chief merit of which is that it is understood to come from the Peace Commission, and settles all exciting disputes about transferring those natives to the War Department, by assisting the formation of a *separate* Department, having a secretary and officers as other Departments have, and making it a civil matter. I understand that this measure has been recommended by the Peace Commission and that it is in reality *their bill*. But another bill, I am informed, is in progress of construction, and will soon be presented by that farseeing and comprehensive Statesman, the leader in all reforms and the Champion of all just causes—Charles Sumner, which will settle *all* their questions and inaugurate a new measure of government, wise as humane, *and just*, as it is comprehensive.

It will be the creation of a Department of *Home* Affairs, having for its objects the civilization of the Indians; the protection and encouragement of Emigrants; the education and protection of the *Freedmen*, and the dissemination of information covering agriculture.

Under this department, all matters relating to the Indians, will be conducted. Immigrants will be received and saved from robbery and insult, and aided to locate in the far West or South. The Freedmen will receive encouragement and protection in their new-found rights, and a practical knowledge of agriculture will be diffused through the country. The war on the frontier will no longer be fermented by dishonest Agents of the Government, or an interested militia. Neither glory nor *plunder* will tempt the cupidity of those who "hang upon the verge of civilization," and are no part of either the government, or its wards, the Red men. As soon as Congress meets, we shall look with longing eyes for this forthcoming Bill, and pray that Congress may have the wisdom and the foresight to pass it. No more military leaders in the South then, but responsible and humane officers chosen from among the people.

The wisdom of the masters of Freedom seems to come nearer, our leaders are grasping their hands, and all the oppressed of our own and other lands will soon find here a haven of repose.

Yours, very truly,

CORA L. V. DANIELS.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, December, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WHY will not some enterprising Northern man who wishes to engage in business where it will be of most benefit to others, come this way and open avenues of employment to the thousands who, under the iron heel of slavery have advanced no farther than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water? Could a boot and shoe manufactory only be started in the vicinity of Washington it would save thousands of dollars in the purses of the benevolent. Not less than one thousand dollars worth of shoes were furnished to the poor colored people in a district much less than a mile square during last winter, while able-bodied men lounged idly about because they could get no work, and were themselves dependent on charity. The time has come when educated labor is necessary for their development as well as sustenance, and they will be a drag on society until it is provided for them. A great deal is said about getting them out of Washington, but we might just as well talk of removing the Capitol.

For every one who goes, another will come in his place, and if they had a right to live here as slaves, they mean to avail themselves of their right to live here as freemen, and they say they will not starve either. This is true, but they will be poor and degraded.

I see no reason why trades should not be encouraged here as well as at the North, and thus enable the young men who are kept here oftentimes by relatives dependent on them, to engage in something more than "toting the hod," selling oysters, and wood-chopping, the last mentioned scarcely enabling them to support their families.

The disturbances at the South have doubtless retarded the introduction of Northern enterprise, and also driven the colored people this way, and they will be ready enough to return whenever it is made safe for them.

But the majority of them will never be willing to go North, or be satisfied there if they do go in their present ignorance, and by the time they are educated, the South will open its eyes to the fact that their labor is all needed there. It is idle to expect much of the present generation whose faculties have become benumbed by slavery and tobacco; and the wisest thing for the North to do is to provide means for their support in their old homes, not by charity either. They are much more willing to support and care for each other than educated whites, although it is done in a half brutal sort of a way which they have learned in slavery. I will except the case of husband and wife, in which they seem to consider their obligations as far less binding than caring for an orphan child or an old parent. Although it seems to me like idle talk to discuss the question whether woman or the negro should have the right of suffrage first, since it will not absolve us from urging the claims of both of as equal importance, there is great force in the argument that it is dangerous for the interests of the colored women to be placed under the control of their husbands, which the marriage contract gives them. They will exercise their power after the example set them by slave-holders. In their case they are slaves in every sense of the word, never having gained the respect which free white women have in a measure enjoyed. A slave is never respected as a slave, while a woman is respected as a woman in spite of the unjust laws to which she is subjected. This accounts for the rapid progress of the cause.

A. E. W.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

THE year 1861 dawned upon a race numbering more than four and a half millions, held in this Christian land under cruel and wicked disabilities. More than four millions were held in perpetual servitude, and their posterity forever doomed to bondage by inexorable laws customs, and public opinion. Half a million, scattered over the land, though nominally free, were, with the exception of a few thousands in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, denied the right to vote or the right to be voted for. The year 1868 closes upon that race everywhere free, and in possession of the right to vote and be voted for in nineteen States, the Territories and the District of Columbia. In eighteen States this race is still under the disabilities imposed upon it by State constitutions and laws, though citizens of the United States, in full possession, by national law, of civil rights. This denial to these citizens of the United States of the right to participate in the government is a palpable violation of the genius and spirit of republican institutions. The rights and privileges of the citizens of the United States, at home and abroad, should be assured by the nation and secured by fundamental law.

The mighty changes wrought during these past eight years in the condition of the colored race have been wrought by a series of executive, legislative, and judicial acts. The friends of the proscribed African race, in the United States, have been forced at every step to grapple with vast interests and unreasoning passions and prejudices. The exigences and needs of the nation have enforced the beneficent policy of justice, often against the feelings and sentiments of vast masses of the people. The victories won for the black man have not always been achieved by men actuated altogether by the highest motives and loftiest purposes. Years ago when slavery was almost omnipotent in America—when it controlled institutions of learning, benevolence, and religion, States, statesmen, the people, and the nation—there arose a body of men, not fully concurring in modes of action, but united in hatred of oppression and love of justice, who have persistently striven for the freedom of the slave and for his elevation to the equal rights and privileges of American citizenship. Seeking that end from the beginning, these men have striven in peace and in war to accomplish that ultimate result. Accepting the aid of all, even those who scorned the black man and condemned his friends, the friends of freedom have been content from year to year to win partial victories, when they could not achieve complete ones. They fully realized that every victory won over slavery; or any of its incidents, tended to hasten the day of complete and final triumph. The men who comprehended the spirit of our republican institutions, who were inspired by liberty and justice, will not retire from the contest until our institutions, in theory and in practice, assure perfect equality of rights and privileges to citizens of the United States irrespective of color or race.

The men who are actuated by these lofty aims and purposes never looked to the prohibition of slavery in the territories as an end; they never looked to the Proclamation of Emancipation as an end; they never looked to the Constitutional Amendment as an end; nor did they look to the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment of the Constitution as an end. These great measures were means to an end; that end being the equality of rights and privileges of citizens of the United States.

When the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment of the Constitution was pending in the Thirty-ninth Congress, a large majority in both Houses were in favor of manhood suffrage. Had it depended on Congress, that right would have been secured throughout the United States. But that majority then realized the fact, since so clearly manifested, that the country was not educated up to that high standard that would accord to the black man the right of suffrage. The proposed Fourteenth Article, if it had been accepted, would have powerfully tended to secure to the black man the right to vote and the right to be voted for. At any rate, its submission to the people would gain time, would bridge over a yawning need, would give an opportunity to the friends of equal rights to instruct the ignorant, remove the prejudices and calm the passions of their countrymen, who had been so sadly misled. The rejection of that amendment by the President's reconstructed State governments forced upon Congress the enfranchisement of nearly three-quarters of a million of colored men in the ten Rebel States. By that act three-fourths of all the colored men in the United States were given the right to vote and to be voted for. Now, interest, principle, and consistency alike demand that this work of enfranchisement shall be speedily completed.

The first section of the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment, now a part of the Constitution, declares that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." This article empowers Congress to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of the article. Does not the denial by any State to the citizens of the United States of the right to vote "abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States?" This section of the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment was drawn by John A. Bingham, of Ohio—the same gentleman who proposed the Amendment to the Reconstruction Act, giving colored men in the Rebel States the right of suffrage, and to whom as much as, if not more than, to any other member of Congress are the colored men of those States indebted for that priceless privilege. Mr. Bingham believed, when he proposed this constitutional amendment, declaring that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States," that Congress would be empowered to so legislate as to insure the right of suffrage to American citizens. Concurring with Mr. Bingham in this opinion, I introduced into the present Congress, on the 23d of March, 1867, a bill "to regulate the elective franchise in the United States." This bill, after reciting the first section of the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment, provided, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, "that there shall be no denial of the elective franchise to any male citizen of the United States, by any State, on account of color, or race, or previous condition, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." On the 26th of March, Mr. Sumner, who believed that, under the amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery, Congress was empowered to enfranchise the black man, introduced a bill "to enforce the several provisions of the Constitution abolishing slavery, declaring the immunities of citizens, and guaranteeing a Republican form of government by securing the elective franchise to colored citizens." No action was taken on either of these bills.

On the 7th of March, 1867, Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Henderson had the honor of introducing the amendment that was adopted, abolishing slavery in the United States. Not concurring with Mr. Sherman in the opinion that that amendment emancipating the black man empowered Congress to enfranchise him, Mr. Henderson moved to amend the Constitution so as to declare that—

"No state shall deny or abridge the right of its citizens to vote and hold office on account of race, color, or previous condition.

"The Congress, by appropriate legislation, may enforce the provisions of this article."

On the 17th of July, 1867, I introduced a joint resolution, a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States, declaring that—

"No distinction shall be made by the United States, nor by any State, among citizens in their civil or political rights, on account of race, color, or previous condition."

Mr. J. M. Ashley, of Ohio, on the 2nd of December, 1867, proposed to amend the Constitution so as to declare that—

"Every citizen of the United States, twenty-one years of age and upward, (except Indians not taxed and persons *non-compos*), shall be an elector in any State or territory in which they may have resided one year next preceeding the election at which they shall offer to vote. Each State shall prescribe uniform rules for the annual registration of electors, and provide by law against fraudulent elections, and may disfranchise any person for participation in rebellion against the United States, or for the commission of an act which is felony at common law."

The reactionary triumphs of 1867, and the preparation for the great struggle of 1868, tended to check any action of Congress on the suffrage question, either by legislation or constitutional amendment.

The hour for action has now struck. The nation has passed through a gigantic conflict, and the reconstruction policy is triumphantly sustained. In the States lately in rebellionn, early three-quarters of a million of colored men—more than three-fourths of all the colored men of the country—have the right to vote and to be voted for guaranteed to them by the results of this election. The cause of equal suffrage has triumphed in Iowa and Minnesota. It has a majority of two-thirds in both Houses, twenty-seven State legislatures are Republican, and a new administration is coming into power with the glorious motto, *Let us have peace* emblazoned on its banners. Equal rights and privileges assured and secured to all will more than anything else, bring that peace which "will come to stay." Twenty-seven States are three-fourths of the States now represented in Congress. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas are yet to be restored to their practical relations, and their votes on this amendment can unquestionably be secured. Now is the moment for action. Not a day should be lost. The friends of manhood suffrage have now an opportunity, which may not come again for years, to incorporate into the Constitution, without distinction of color, race, or previous condition, the right of all male citizens to vote and be voted for. No risks should be taken. No other question, no matter how just may be its claims, should be associated with it to complicate or endanger its immediate success. Let the veteran anti-slavery men, the champions of impartial liberty, imperatively demand that Congress shall, by legislation or constitutional amendment, secure this, the crowning act of all their triumphs—MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

REPUBLICANISM.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: Is it too much to suppose that when the American Senate and House of Representatives unite in a "joint resolution," of only some half-dozen lines in length, they intend their words to be frank, straightforward and explicit? and when such resolution is edited by so able a scholar as Mr. Sumner, can we be allowed to doubt his capacity to choose such words? I ask these questions, seeing that Mr. Sumner's resolution for sympathy with Spain, reported back from the Committee on Foreign Relations, expresses a hope for "the triumph of *Liberal institutions*." Will he or any one tell us what that word "liberal" means, or what it is intended to mean?

Prim goes for "liberal" institutions and puts down the Republicans in Cadiz.

The Duke de Montpensier is only anxious for "liberal" institutions, *i. e.*, himself as constitutional monarch, to play over again the Orleans (the younger Bourbon) game.

Queen Isabella would say as much as Mr. Sumner, and be happy to apply the resolution of Congress to herself. She is "liberal" too.

What does the American Government mean? While through the purposely misty, the knavish and cowardly phraseology of monarchical diplomacy, every one may now see the monarchical intention, is it a time for the one Republic to hide its honester meaning under a doubtful formula? Are American statesmen afraid to be undiplomatically honest? Is America afraid to openly express her sympathy with *Republican* institutions? If so it is, let us know it; but we did look for sympathy here, if not for more. With or without your sympathy, Europe will be Republican yet, but have you not *one word* for us in our struggle? Is not America "liberal" enough for that? We would still hope so, in spite of this unhappy resolution.

For the European Republican Committee,

W. J. LINTON.

No. 210 *East Ninth street*, New York, Dec. 16th, 1868.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

TO THE COLORED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

BRETHREN: On the 4th and 5th of August, 1868, a Convention of Delegates from the "Border States" was held at Baltimore, Md. To that Convention, delegates from other States were invited and attended. The States thus represented were Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

After mature deliberation and wide correspondence, the members of the "Border State Convention" voted unanimously to issue a call for a Convention of the Colored Men of the Nation, to be held in the City of Washington, D. C., at 12 o'clock M., on the second Wednesday 14th day of January, 1869.

The partial or total exclusion of colored citizens from the exercise of the elective franchise and other citizen rights, in so many States of the Union, especially demands and ought to receive, the continued consideration of every colored man, and of the Congress of the nation. Surely, the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States' Constitution, recently adopted, does not justify such exclusion. Surely, citizenship, as declared by that Amendment, carries with it the rights of citizens; and the evident duty of a liberty-loving and a loyal Congress is to see that a Republican form of government is guaranteed to every State. That is not guaranteed while any State is permitted to withhold from citizens, on account of color merely, the rights of citizens.

Whatever other subjects you may deem of sufficient importance to bring before the National Convention, brethren, this exclusion is the all-absorbing question of the present, and must call forth our earnest action, by petition, by personal appeal, by protest, and by what votes we have, until justice be done. The right secured of voting, irrespective of color, will necessarily restore to us other rights of which we are now deprived. We, therefore, cordially and respectfully invite you, from the East, and West, the North and the South, to meet in Washington, by Delegates, on the day specified, to consult upon the issues at present affecting us. Justice to ourselves can be no injustice to any.

By order of the "Border State Convention."

WM. NESBIT, *President*,
ALTOONA, PA.

James H. A. Johnson, Geo. G. Collins, PRINCETON, N. J. } *Secretaries.*

Baltimore, Md., October, 1868.

LATEST NEWS FROM CRETE—AN APPEAL.

THE following letter, received by Dr. Howe of Boston, gives the latest trustworthy news from Crete:

"SYRA, November 22d, 1868.

"Honored Doctor: The Enosis made this week two trips to Crete, having supplied the Christians with ammunition, provisions, clothes, shoes, etc. Petropoulaki (the old) left Piræus in the Panellenium, with six cannons, and two hundred volunteers for Gythium, to complete his band for Crete. Coroneos, it is said, will go also to Crete. The insurgents at Sphakia, rejected the offers of Sava Pacha for submitting, and are concentrating their forces to defend Sphakia. The insurgents are full of courage, with the news from Athens, that the Greek government has changed its policy, and will support the Cretan cause."

Dr. Howe has published the following appeal:

"APPEAL.

"Crete is in sore peril and distress.

"From her snowy mountains comes the voice of her houseless warriors, crying to the Christian world, 'Send us a little more covering for our limbs, a few more bullets for our guns, and, by God's help, we'll fight out here your cause and ours, while life lasts.'

"From the shores of Greece comes the wailing voice of sixty thousand wives and children of these warriors crying, 'Bread, bread, and work; and we will patiently endure our exile and sufferings, until our beloved Crete is free and may sit there under the shadow of the cross and thank God for his help and for yours.'

"The Cretan Relief Committee of Boston is about sending a consignment of ready-made garments to trusty agents in Crete. This will quite exhaust its treasury.

"Contributions of money and of clothing are earnestly asked for.

"Send the first to Amos A. Lawrence, treasurer; the second to, SAMUEL G. HOWE,

"No. 20 Bromfield street."

THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

OUR readers know that a University has been founded at Washington, in the District of Columbia, at which colored pupils are to receive a liberal education and be prepared for the different learned professions, as they are called. A corps of professors has been engaged, and the work of tuition is already begun in the branches ordinarily taught in Colleges. The institution, our readers will perceive, bears the name of one of the most active and earnest philanthropists of the day, Gen. Howard, who has so long and faithfully administered the Freedmen's Bureau.

To enable him to guard from encroachment the political equality which has been allowed him, and to make an intelligent use of the privilege of a freeman, the negro must be educated. The great argument against conceding to him the right of suffrage has been his ignorance. He must remove that objection, or he will be in constant danger of either being directly oppressed by laws which have a partial operation, or made the tool of cunning men, who have their own selfish ends to serve at his expense. The object of those who have established the Howard University is to give him an opportunity of fitting himself to sustain the part now assigned him in our political organization.

A department of law is connected with the University. The Hon. A. G. Riddle is one of the professors, once a member of Congress and now a lawyer of eminence in Washington; and with him is associated as professor a colored lawyer, John M. Langston, a native of Virginia, educated at the Oberlin College, in Ohio, and for the last twelve years a practitioner of law in that State. The law school will open on the 4th of January with fifteen pupils.

It is now desired to obtain funds to endow this department. The object is a worthy one and commends itself to the benevolent. The colored race are entitled to have agents, advocates and leaders of their own color, and can hardly have a better security for their rights than a class of men among them trained to understand and apply the principles of jurisprudence.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

KU-KLUK OUTRAGES IN UNION COUNTY, KY.

EVANSVILLE, Dec. 24th.—Several outrages have been committed within the last few days by armed and masked Ku-Klux in Union County, Ky. On Friday night, from ten to twenty of the Klan shot three negroes, two of them at Sulphur Springs, and one at Morganfield. At the latter place, they entered a negro's house, and shot him while he was in bed with his wife. In return, he shot and wounded one of the Ku-Klux. He was afterward shot, and three or four times beaten with a hot shovel, and left apparently dead. The other negroes were not mortally wounded. On the same night, five men went to the house of a negro in the same county, and made him get out of bed and stand while they in turn outraged the person of his wife. The Sheiff of the county has arrested five of the supposed Ku-Klux. Morganfield is guarded nightly by citizens.

EDUCATION AT THE SOUTH.

IT is said that there were in the former slave States, January 1st, 1868, no less than 6,492 teachers engaged in teaching 189,517 colored pupils. One year before, there were only 1,737 teachers, 1,496 schools and 95,637 pupils. It it believed that the report of the Bureau for January 1st, 1869, will show over 300,000 negro children at school in the South—a greater proportion than there were of white children in those States at the beginning of the rebellion. Of course not all these scholars are under the supervision of the Freedmen's Bureau, but a large share of them are, and they all feel the benefit of its advice and protection. In many places it gave the original impetus, and the work was afterwards carried on, either by the colored people alone or under the auspices of some religious denomination or society. The various freedmen's aid societies have done much. The American Missionary Association has done a great deal. We shall all expect that somehow, under Gen. Grant's administration, the South will be more or less rapidly brought to a respect for law and order, and that the rights of the people to life, liberty, property, and personal security, and the rights to speak, print, and assemble, will be inflexibly maintained. This is by no means all that is necessary to make a successful government of the people. Nor, indeed, can these rights be wisely exercised or permanently retained unless there be other work performed most energetically and for a long time. After governmental forces coming from without those States have done all that is possible, and then have stopped, the whole will be a failure unless new forces are generated among the people through the school-house and the church. Virtue and intelligence in the great mass of the people is indispensible. So many millions of times has this been said that it strikes the ear as a flat truism, and fails to attract the attention of a multitude of even our best and otherwise most thoughtful citizens. But it is at this moment the great serious truth that this nation ought to consider. Justice and truth, however, demand the acknowledgement that great sums have been contributed and thousands of brave young women and many earnest men have volunteered for labor less glorious in the public eye, but not less important than that of a soldier. It is no time to let the work lay. The main functions of the Freedman's Bureau will terminate with the coming new year's day. Gen. Howard is permitted by the statute to continue for a time at least the educational efforts he has been superintending. How much the national government may and ought to continue to do, is the question. What it has done in that direction is to be justified by the extraordinary facts of the war; the educational crusade has been as it were a war measure. It has wisely and beneficently accompanied Congressional reconstruction. When the latter shall have been completed, and all the States shall have been fully restored, what then? Will the Federal government continue to employ agents and expend moneys to help erect schoolhouses in certain States and not in others? If so, why? On what legal ground? If not, will the work go on? Yes, probably, after a fashion, but not as it ought. The pressure upon the voluntary organizations of the North will then be redoubled, and the demand for wisdom in their management will be at a premium. To make their expenditures most effective they should aim, rather at model schools in prominent and influential centres, at normal schools and at influencing Southern legislatures, in the wisest and most fraternal ways, in favor of thoroughly planned and executed systems of common school education. Outside influences, whether from the central government or voluntary associations, even if continued under some permanent plan, will fall eventually, unless they arouse in the South itself a determination to make an uncompromising war upon ignorance.

Every intelligent and observing person who has been in the South of late years, in a situation that permitted him to see and know the people, white as well as black, must sometimes have exclaimed, "What could have been expected of such?" and have been reminded sometimes of "Father forgive them for they know what they do." The barbarism of slavery had its worst effects upon a portion of the white race. Neither race will either take care of itself or discharge its duties toward the other without a better education, both moral and intellectual.—*Alabama State Journal.*

LIBERTY ASSAILED.

From the New Orleans Tribune.

THE conduct of the inhabitants of Williamsport, Point Coupee, forbidding Mr. Kohn to lease a portion of his land to a colored man, has been imitated by the planters of Rapides Parish, as we learn from the following in the *Crescent* of Wednesday:

"THE PLANTERS OF RAPIDES AND THE FREEDMEN."

"At a meeting in Alexandria, La., on the 5th, of the planters and landholders of Rapides Parish, it was resolved hereafter not to rent, lease or give any portion of their lands to freedmen; reserving, however, the right to settle known conservative freedmen, who are under the eye and direction of the planters or landholders. It was also resolved "that any planter or landowner among us who is so unmindful of what is due to himself, the society in which he lives, as to let out lands in opposition to the will of a large majority of our people, as above expressed, deserves to be and will be branded as a public enemy and treated accordingly. That in coming to the conclusion we have on this subject, we are not influenced by any feelings inimical to the freedmen of our parish; but on the contrary, we have the kindest regard for them, and that we are acting for their good as well as our own." The meeting, in view of the frequent instances of bad faith on the part of freedmen, recommended the propriety of requiring of all freedmen seeking employment, certificates of discharge, testifying to their good behavior and industrious habits, as well as their honesty; and further, should any freedman leave, after having contracted for the year, before the expiration of the time, without permission, that this certificate of discharge be denied him.

We are glad that the same number of the *Crescent*, which contains the above item, publishes an editorial strongly condemnatory of the proceeding. In this the *Crescent* and the *Picayune* are agreed; and their noble rebuke of the illegal and cruel conduct which bears so hard upon the colored people, deserves our sincere thanks, as it does the gratitude of liberty-loving men; for not the colored people alone, but all are interested in the correct settlement of the questions involved.

The *Crescent* says: "The people of Point Coupee and of Rapides have a right to refuse to rent their property to freedmen if they choose, but they have no right to dictate to the humblest individual among them in what manner he shall dispose of his land. These gentlemen would resent any interference with their right to dispose of their own property as they may see fit. . . We sincerely hope that this example will not be followed in the other parishes, and that the gentlemen who took part in the meetings already held, will reconsider their action as far as it includes an assumption of the power to control the equal liberty of their fellow-citizens."

It is just such examples of injustice to the colored people, as those above referred to, which confirm the people of the North in their belief of the necessity of Congressional action for the protection of our rights. They point to such cases as we have cited, and ask, what would be the condition of the colored population of the South were they wholly abandoned to the control of the white population? Such are the natural inferences they draw from too common occurrences.

We would again express our pleasure at the prompt action of our friend, Judge Durell, in calling the attention of the U. S. District Attorney Torrey to the Williamsport letter, with instruction to enquire into the matter, and to bring it to the

attention of the Grand Jury, under the provisions of the Civil Rights Bill.

THE NASBY PAPERS.

MR. NASBY HAS A DREAM.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
Nov. 23d, 1868.

LAST evenin I happened to pick up the northern noospaper uv the Dimikratic persuasion, which comes to this offiis to Deekin Pogram, into wich wuz an article onto, "The Fucher ov Democrisy." The able an dignified writer took the posishen that the only hope uv the Democrisy was in letting the dead past bury its dead—in sinkin all the ishoos uv the past ten years—in acknowledgin the sitooashen, and acceptin the results uv the war; in sinkin out uv site the old leaders, and puttin such men ez Chase, Seward, John Quincy Adams Jr., Evarts, Rosecrantz, etc., to the front, and thus hevin infoosed new life and new blood into the organisashen it mite go on conkerin and to conker.

The article wuz a column and a-half in length, and it's a weeknis uv mine, that I can't read more than a column without going to sleep. Therefore at the eend uv the column, the paper dropt from my hand, and I dropt off into a gentle slumber in my chair and dreamed a dream.

In my dream before me lay the body uv a man of gigantic frame wich wuz a breathin his last. He had been a powerful yooth in his day, and hedn't the appearance uv bein old in yeers, tho' his hair wuz gray, his cheeks sunken, and his form fritefully emaciatid. His age was evidently the effect of dissipashen more than uv yeers—wikkidnis hed did its perfeck work on him, and it wuz plain that he wuz a goner.

Around him stood all sorts uv people. There wuz Vallandigham, the Blairs, Hoffman, the Woodses, Voorhees, Hampton, Morrissey, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Perry (between these two, A. Johnson) and many uv that stripe, who appeared to be indeavoring to ressussitate the nearly defunct individooal.

"Who is this ruther bustid patriark?" asked I uv one who appeared to be a chief mourner.

"Thats Dimocrisy," answered he, "he hez fought his larst fite, he hez fought his larst battle, no gong kin awake him to glory agin. He's a gone sucker."

At this pint the operators on the unfortunit sufferer, gave up in despare.

"I kin do nothin," sed Seymour, "that last exershun wuz his last. I shall hie me to my farm."

"I knowed it wuz uselis," sed Vallandigham, "I shel leave Ohio and go to Noo York, for anybody kin get to Congress from that city."

"I kin do no more," sed Voorhees, "I shel quit politics and go to operatin in Erie stocks."

"Erie stocks," remarkt Mrs. Perry, with horror in her classic countenance, "thank the Lord, *I am* not so low ez that."

At this pint a lot uv hungry lookin cusses, not so prominent ez these others, demandid that the pashent be put into new hands for treatment and to wunst they called out for Chase, Seward, Evarts, Rosecrance and John Quincy Adams, Jr., who hevin no other place to stay wuz a hangin on the out skirts uv the crowd. Promptly they examined the dying cuss and proceeded to apply the remedies.

"This is one thing that's killin him," sed Chase, canterizin a hidjus ulcer marked "Slavery."

"This must come off," sed Evarts, whippin out a knife and takin off a foul, smellin tumor, labeled "State rites."

"And I'll never consent to be seen with him ef this is allowed to remain," sed Rosecrance slashin out a cancer marked "Secession."

"And this must come off ef I hev anything to do with him," sed John Quincy Adams, Joonyer, jerkin off a most fearful tumor, marked "Repudashen."

And so they went on, one after another—one pulling off one thing, and another that; this one burning out this sore, and another that, till they hed peeled it to the bones. When they hed got the diseased parts off, ther wuz nothing left but the skeleton. It wuz a very genteel skeleton, ez clean uv flesh ez though it hed bin dissected by an enthosiastic class of medikle students.

They then commenced buildin uv it up. Chase put on Ekal Rites muscle. Evarts stuffed Nashnel credit in the hole Repoodeashen hed made; Rosecrance stiffened its back with loyalty—they fumigatid it, breathed into its nostrils, and wrappin it in the Star-Spangled banner, histed it to its feet. It wuz ruther shaky on its pins, but it breathed free, and wuz altogether a more promisin and presentable bein than it hed bin for yeers.

We were all rejoist, and yet we wuzn't so well pleased, after all. He wuz gittin stronger and stronger, but his appearance wuz a changin so that we didn't know him. There wuz a color come to his cheeks, he lost his brootal look, he stept free, and he gave evidences uv life, and strength that wuz wonderful.

"Thank the Lord," sed the Blairs, "he's strong enuff to be ridden agin!"

"Please Heaven!" sed Vallandigham, "my troubles is o'er, for there's strength in Dimocrisy."

"Let's mount," sed they in korus, and forthwith Montgomery Blair crept up onto his thigh, wich the whole family on his shoulders, each of which twisted his legs about him with a death-grip. The newly rejoovenated giant staggered under this, but didn't fall. Mayor Monroe and his Louisiana crowd vaulted onto his shoulders, the Woodses and Hoffman and Vallandigham and Voohres and Brite, and a thousand more of the same style, and each loaded with his record.

"For God's sake," cried Chase, Seward, and Rosecrance, "for God's sake get off. He ain't strong enuff to stand all that." He can't carry the loads that well nigh killed him—the diseases that yoosed him up—any better now than he could before. Git off—git off!"

"Git off?" sed a planter who hed got a sekoor hold, "uv wat yoose is Dimocrisy to me, onless I kin carry these?" pintin to the niggers under his arm.

"Git off?" said the Blairs, "ef Dimocrisy can't carry us into posishen, wat do we want uv it?" And they gripped it so close ez almost to strangle it.

"Git off?" said the Woodses, "onless we can ride it, uv wat use is Dimocrisy to us?"

And they all declined gittin off emphatically.

"Very well," sed Chase and his friends in despair, "Very well. We're done. But look out."

Skarcely wuz the words out uv their mouths when the poor giant gasped, his knees knocked together, his pins gave out, and he toppled over with a fearful crash, pilin the load into one heteogenous mass.

At this pint I awoke.

I hed no trouble to interpret the dreem. It's troo that Dimocrisy can't carry the load that hez bin put onto it for yeers and yeers, and it's troo that we, the load, don't care a tinker's cuss about Dimocrisy onless it kin carry us. To make it strong enuff to stand alone, we have to take off uv it all uv its distinctive feechers and replace em with ablishinism, and then uv wat yoose is it to us? When Chase hed metamorphosed it so that it cood stand, it wuz ez near Ablishinism ez anything cood be, and when all that wuz taken off, it wuz precisely ez weak ez ever. Uv wat yoose is an Ablishinized Democrisy to an ex-slaveholder who wants his niggers agin? Uv wat avail is a pure Dimocrisy to the gentleman who desires offisis in wich steelings is unlimited? Sich a Dimocrisy is Ablishinism—and we mite ez well go over to it bodily, ez to remodel our party on that idea. Ef we sink the old ishoes and the old ideas of the party, we sink also us who advocated them ideas, and make them ishoes; and ef we keep fightin it out on that line, wat is before us but defeat? Oh that I cood see a glimmer uv lite! Oh that enuff uv our prominent leaders wood die to let us, the smaller ones, out from under their shadder. The fucher to me is dark and gloomy.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster).

ACKNOWLEDGING THE TRUTH.

From the Nashville Republican.

WHEN the old-fashioned Abolitionists used to denounce Slavery as a curse no less to the white man than to the negro, their assertions were received with incredulity at the North, and with flat denial at the South. So late as 1860, leading Southern men, such as A. H. Stevens of Georgia, were loud in their praises of the peculiar institution as the corner stone of national prosperity, and the bulwark of national virtue. Experience has, however, demonstrated the truthfulness of the Abolitionist doctrine, and the Southerners are beginning to acknowledge it. A writer in the *Richmond Dispatch* of recent date, after combating the idea that immigration is the panacea for Southern ills, and opposing the measure proposed for encouraging it, goes on to say:

"I will venture another assertion, that if all the natives and already naturalized citizens of this State will recover from *habits of idleness engendered by the late negro slavery*, and go to work with a good will, the complaint of lack of labor will be less clamorous than it is. It is that complaint which more than all other causes combined, is inducing the desire and giving a loud voice to the extraordinary efforts that are being made to bring here all sorts and any quantity of emigrants from Europe. It is to the credit of our people that more have gone to work than could have been safely expected at once to do so, but it is nevertheless true that many have not who might, and it may yet be must. Certainly *must*, unless one of two things occur soon; that is, unless foreigners come in or the negroes come down to their work.

"I will venture one other remark only—in part assertion, in part prediction. *The most profitable labor in our State is free negro labor, when it is rendered by persons who can be relied on.* This species of labor is already reliable in some parts of the State (as I am assured by not a few persons who have employed it in those parts). There is no sufficient reason in existing facts to contradict the prediction that as soon as some negroes shall have perished for want of the comforts they will not now work to get, the remnant of them in all parts of the State will become reliable."

Whenever this idea that hard work is the only effectual way of getting rich, becomes thoroughly comprehended and acted upon, and not before, may we expect to see the reign of real prosperity begin at the South. Nothing but the industry of its artisans, merchants, and farmers has made the North what it is, and nothing but the same industry will have the same effect anywhere else.

ANOTHER PREACHER ASSASSINATED.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Advocate.

REV. ALFRED HAZEN, a Local Preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Natchitoches, La., was fiendishly murdered during the night of October 31st. His only offence was, that he had received, as was believed, some Republican tickets for circulation. His murderers, knowing that he was unarmed, proceeded to his house late at night. "On their way," says the New Orleans *Advocate*, "they came across Brother Faulkner, the Secretary of the M. E. Church in Natchitoches, and the teacher of the colored school. They put him out of the way by beating. Proceeding to the house of Brother Hazen, they informed him that they intended to burn up him and his family. They then demanded tickets, which were given them. They again said that they were going to kill them all. Brother Hazen besought them not to hurt or kill his family, but if they desired to kill him he was ready to die. The miserable fiends then brought him out, peaceable, unassuming man that he was, and murdered him in cold blood, as they would slaughter a sheep. No attempt was made either to convict or arrest the murderers." The same paper, dated November 14th, adds: "How many more of our ministers have been killed we cannot tell. We have heard but from few charges since election. We know that some were absent from their charges previous to election, but whether dead or simply run off we have not learned."

A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT—A SOUTHERN VIEW.

From the Raleigh (N. C.,) Standard.

JUDGE KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, has introduced into Congress a Constitutional amendment which proposes to render suffrage uniform and equal throughout the United States. No State will be allowed to deny the ballot on account of race or color. This is the beginning of the end. Such a Constitutional amendment will effectually organize into the fundamental law one of the most vexed questions of our age, and settle it forever.

The questions of race must find its solution on our continent. Other governments have rarely had to meet this issue—never, indeed, except as an incidental question. Ours has to stand face to face before it. The divers races which are side by side, and jostling each other in our country, must come together on some common platform. We are European; we are Asiatics; we are Africans. God has made us so. Can we find any platform so broad, so just, as that proposed by the Republican party—the platform of absolute political equality? This platform is a necessity—it is also the highest wisdom. Gen. Grant's administration will render itself beneficent and illustrious by embodying equality into the organic law

We insist, too, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. We have suffrage at the South, without distinction of race or color. Let us have the same thing at the North, and all over the Republic; justice demands it, and we are prepared to follow bold leaders like Judge Kelley when they march off in this direction. Let the Radical trumpet give no uncertain sound.

HOW LONG SHALL THESE THINGS BE?

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the *Vicksburg Republican* says:

RAYMOND, MISS., Nov. 19th, 1868.

* * * A party of men, disguised, made their appearance in this little village, marched through the town, and halted just beyond, at a man's house by the name of Ned Porter; there discharged their pistols at their pleasure, declaring that they intended to govern this country whether Grant was elected or not; and that no public school, or anything else pertaining thereto, should ever subsist in this country. This threat, no doubt, was made to intimidate Mr. H., who has just organized a school in this town. Such, Mr. Editor, is the state of affairs in this section.

We appeal to the good citizens of Raymond to create a public sentiment that will not tolerate those violations of law which serve no other purpose than to keep the State out of the Union, and make it the subject of National legislation.

COLORED JURORS.—According to the reconstruction acts, all statutes of this State that interfere with the rights of colored men as citizens of the United States, are null and void; yet no colored man is allowed to sit on a jury in this State. By our exclusion from the Jury-box, a great wrong is being committed—our rights are being violated. Even the United States District Courts do not tolerate colored juries, though the example has been set by Justice Chace and others of the most eminent United States Judges in the South. We beseech Gen. Gillem in the name of Justice to direct that jurors be chosen from the lists of Registered voters, irrespective of race or color.—*From the Colored Citizens Monthly*—Mississippi.

CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG, Penn., Monday, Dec. 28th.

A CONVENTION of the colored men of Western Pennsylvania was held here to-day Henry Highland Garnett, the President of Avery College, was chosen Chairman. In the evening, resolutions were discussed and adopted, recommending that the elective franchise be extended to the colored men of the State. The Convention propose to bring this matter before the State Legislature, and take measures to secure this, as well as to provide for the educational interests of the colored people of the State.

PROJECTS OF FREEDMEN.—Some freedmen in this section having realized enough corn to support their families until the next crop can be gathered, and being able to purchase a horse with the proceeds of their cotton, express a determination to rent land and farm on their own account next year. The number likely to pursue such a course being small, however, it is not thought that the price of labor will be enhanced.—*Ma nefield (La.) Times.*

The majority for manhood suffrage in Iowa was 24,265. Another bulwark of prejudice is thus obliterated.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1869.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will take place at Boston, in Horticultural Hall, on Friday, January twenty-ninth, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continuing through the day and evening.

The pressing emergency of the hour and the vital question now in debate will, we trust, gather all the friends and members of the Society and all interested in the negro race to this meeting. The National action of the next six months will go far toward deciding the fate of our question for some years, for Grant's adminstration and perhaps for that of his successor. Gather then, and make the best use of this opportunity. Speakers will be announced hereafter.

J. T. SARGENT, President.

C. K. WHIPPLE, Secretary.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fifth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Thursday, January 28th, 1869. The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

We summon our friends to what it seems possible that a united and vigorous exertion may make the last effort.

All the signs of the times promise that, if the radicals are faithful to their hour, there will be grafted into the National Constitution a clause prohibiting the States from making any reference to race or color in their laws. Then the first great pledge of the Anti-Slavery movement will be fulfilled. The social prejudice, bitter and cruel as it is, only time can destroy. The manifold evils that afflict the colored race, born of Slavery may not, perhaps, be removed in our day.

But we pledged ourselves never to rest until all legal disabilities were removed. With rare unanimity the press of the Nation and Congress itself move toward this consummation. The long tossed vessel nears the port. One united effort and we may anchor beyond all future peril. This opportunity lost may never, or not for a very long time, return. The toleration of Johnson has lost us an opportunity which no future time will restore. We have not merely lost four years. We shall never stand again able to save and to guard as perfectly as we could have done in 1865. What we have lost in treasure, blood and possibility is gone forever. This experience warns us to the sternest fidelity to-day.

It is said that the incoming President wishes this question settled before he assumes the Government. By one decisive effort, gathering into itself all possible influences—all agreed—we can gratify his wish before the 1st, of March, and put the capstone to the brave toll of near forty years.

Let us then omit no effort that can possibly help to mature and intensify the Nation's purpose. The loyal men of the rebel States claim this of us. To them the South is anarchy and a field of blood. If the great opportunity of 1865 could have been seized, much of this would have been prevented Now time and great social changes alone can put a complete end to these horrors. All we can do is to inform and ripen such a public opinion as will move the incoming Administration to the most prompt and effective interference. We ask, therefore, once more, for the means to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD, and press, by that and other instrumentalities, this duty on the conscience of the Nation.

Donations may be sent to R. P. HALLOWELL, No 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the managers resident in Boston:

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THE AMENDMENT.

THE purpose of the Abolition movement, in its grand scope, is undoubtedly to leave the *race* of the negro no longer a test of his social, religious, or political rights. That object it will take a generation or more to accomplish. We have, however, laid the sure foundation for such equality when we have secured a positive, irrevocable recognition of his equality before the law. This done, we may honorably leave the rest to the gradual operation of natural causes. To place this beyond doubt, we must incorporate a guaranty of his political and civil rights in the Constitution itself. At present his right to the ballot and office rest on the shifting legislation of Congress. Even a Constitutional guaranty we must expect to see riotously and treasonably assailed, and for a long time foiled to a great extent. But such a pledge gradually works its own fulfillment. For there is no instance in our History where a decision for liberty once (?) incorporated in the Constitution has ever been changed. And time surely brings the country to obey it. The laws of Congress are daily evaded, misconstrued, and rest for the execution too much on the the exigence of party policy. The Constitution gives a shield beneath which, with patient systems honest men may work until impartial liberty blesses the whole land. The time has been when certain men among the Republican leaders were willing to leave the question of the negro's civil rights in the hands of the white race of the South. But every act of that section during Johnson's administration has contributed to show loyal men that such a course would be fatal to the negro and to the Union. Gradually the conviction has deepened that nothing but impartial liberty can save us or protect him. With wonderful unanimity, since Grant's election the Republican press has demanded a Constitutional Amendment to effect this result. Congress has begun this measure. It is creditably reported that Gen. Grant himself is earnestly in favor of such action, desirous that the question shall be put to rest before he enters on his Administration. In such circumstances words cannot describe the great responsibility which rests on us. We must strain every nerve to make use of this golden opportunity which may not return in our day.

Every State and every Legislature should be canvassed. Every influential man approached—Our ship touches port. Perfect success is almost within our grasp; a little effort, a little trouble, the devotion of a small portion of our means, will do more now than years and untold treasure, a year or even six months hence. Now is the accepted time. We most earnestly and urgently implore of all whose hearts are with us to put forth every effort, to leave nothing untried that will anchor our cause beyond all future peril.

For this we ask contributions to enable us to put THE STANDARD and if possible to send agents into all doubtful localities. Give us means and back them by your personal exertions.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

CASTE—CHRISTIANITY.

THE caste spirit, which lacks only the opportunity to reinstate chattel slavery, is still a formidable power in this country. How potent it is in the Border States may be inferred from the following paragraph which we quote from the correspondence of the *Washington Republican*. The writer says:

"I have been to many gatherings of the colored people throughout Maryland, where Gen. Howard, Judge Bond, and others were urging, *amidst obloquy and reproach*, the thousands of colored people assembled to educate themselves, to establish the family relation and re-establish the marriage tie, *where no white clergyman could be induced to open the meeting with religious exercises for fear of the social ostracism it would bring to do so.*"

The Evening Post of this city in a recent issue mentions that concerning the education and elevation of the freedmen:

"Great apathy prevails in Maryland. General Howard attended a meeting last week of the Methodist ministers in Baltimore, for the purpose of urging them to take hold of this subject with energy, especially as two-thirds of the colored people are attached to that denomination. *He said there were many schools actually discontinued because it is impossible to find suitable boarding places for the teachers.*"

What is true of the white people of Maryland is equally characteristic of the whites, as a whole, throughout the South. Forced by the issue of the war to relax their hold upon their colored neighbors as "property," they are now filled with new hatred towards them—a hatred intensified in proportion to the improvement in the condition, and the growth of a noble aspiration on the part of their injured victims.

To dissipate this unchristian prejudice and hate should be the business of churches, missionary societies, clergymen and of all who believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man That the "white clergymen" of Maryland do not regard it as their business is apparent from the testimony of the paragraph above quoted, and that their "well-to-do" parishioners are of the same mind is evident from the obloquy and reproach which Gen. Howard and Judge Bond have to encounter in their praiseworthy labors with and for the colored people; and from Gen. Howard's statement that "*there were many schools actually discontinued because it is impossible to find suitable boarding places for the teachers.*"

The old fraternal relations of church fellowship interrupted by the war, and by disagreements in some instances growing out of slavery prior to the war, have, we are assured, been to a great extent re-established. Though the white Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians and Baptists of the South cherish a relentless hatred of the colored people, and of white Radical "carpet-baggers," this is not an insurmountable obstacle, on the part of the great body of their Northern brethren, to denominational reunion and fellowship. Even the socalled "Liberal Christians" of the South, are not much better off, we infer, than their Orthodox brethren. A conference of Unitarians was held in Wilmington Del., a few days since in which delegates were present from Charleston, S. C., and Washington. Among others in attendance was our friend Mary Grew of Philadelphia. In a letter before us, not written for publication, she says:

"I went to Wilmington to attend a Unitarian Conference. I feel amply compensated for going, by the fact that I obtained the adoption by the Conference of a resolution asserting the equality of the rights of men, irrespective of color, which I regarded as especially necessary on account of the presence of delegates from churches in Charleston, and Washington. The Conference was willing enough to pass the resolution, but I have no idea that any one would have thought of offering it, if I had not been there. The result of its passage and my speech, was that the Charleston delegate said to another member of the Conference, that he had thought of inviting the Conference to meet in Charleston, but was very glad he had not done so; for, if those were their sentiments, it would not do for them to go there. So, now we know what liberal christianity means in Charleston; and they will learn what we mean by it here."

We commend to the thoughtful consideration of the *Boston Christian Register*, and *The Liberal Christian* of this city, the statement of the Charleston Unitarian delegate that, to assert equality of rights for all men before the law, it would not do for a Unitarian Conference to go to Charleston.

But the Southern whites are not alone apologists for, and devotees of caste. As Northern churches of nearly all denominations formerly covered with their mantle of religious fellowship, the political advocates and champions of slavery, though they were not always the actual owners of slaves, so now they accept at the communion table, and endorse by church fellowship the champions and advocates of the infamous and atheistic doctrine that this is, and should be, a "white man's government." Colored citizens are disfranchised and otherwise proscribed in a majority of the Northern States. For the greater part, the churches and clergy maintain a silent, guilty complicity with their oppressors, in the presence of the great wrong. There are honorable exceptions. But generally clergymen and churches lag behind, and leave the work they ought to be foremost to perform, to be done by "unregenerate world's people" and politicians. This is not as it should be. Within a month we have heard of a case which occurred within a hundred miles of here, in which a publisher, who supplies largely the demand of Sunday Schools, refused a book from a gifted, well known writer, because it referred to slavery incidentally and only by way of illustration. For business reasons he felt obliged reluctantly to decline it.

The spirit of slavery still lives. The true religious protest and warfare against it was never more needed than to-day. Let Abolitionists, with whom the claims of the oppressed are superior to those of church or party, rally and put forth all their energy for a final effort to gain at least a recognized legal equality for all men and women, irrespective of complexion, in every part of the land.

RETRIBUTIVE.

THE New York Journals are wasting a great deal of excellent indignation on Mr. Fiske, for the course he took in the matter of Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*. When we remember the abuse and insolence lavished by Mr. Bowles, from his coward's castle, on every true man for the last fifteen years, we think such an offender has nothing to complain of. He has only been paid in his own coin. The combatants seem about equally matched. Though to be sure, Mr. Fiske, a new beginner, cannot expect fully to equal Mr. Bowles who is a veteran in this fine art.

If Mr. Bowles had recalled GEORGE THOMSON'S faithful dealing with him, when that gentleman and his friends were mobbed in Springfield, seventeen years ago—and the scores of times since that he has done his utmost to poison the mind of Western Massachussetts against the best men in the State, he might have used his prison hours in profitable, if penitential, meditations—a much better employment than whimpering.

The *Springfield Republican*, like the *Boston Advertiser*, has belonged, in times past, to a class of journals noted for abusing those men whose personal unpopularity made it safe, and sometimes profitable, to abuse them. For once it has miscalculated.

W. P.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We invite attention to the article which appears on our first page by the Hon. Henry Wilson, reprinted from *The Independent*.

The Rebels, it is announced, threaten that the Legislature of Louisiana will not be allowed to assemble in New Orleans this month.

We commend to the attention of the colored people of this city and elsewhere the Call which we print this week for a National Convention to be held in Washington, January 14th. This will be a timely and an important gathering. It should be made a powerful auxiliary to the movement for an additional Constitutional Amendment, guaranteeing the ballot, and eligibility to office, throughout the Union, irrespective of race, or complexional differences.

A Convention of the colored men of western Pennsylvania was held at Pittsburgh on Monday last. Henry Highland Garnett, the President of Avery College, was chosen chairman. In the evening resolutions were discussed and adopted recommending that the elective franchise be extended to the colored men of the State. The Convention proposed to bring this matter before the State legislature, and take measures to secure this, as well as to provide for the educational interests of the colored people of the State.

A very successful Woman Suffrage Convention was held at Concord, N. H., on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. Rev. J. F. Lovering, of Concord, presided, and Mrs. Lucy Stone and Mr. Blackwell of Newark, N. J., Rev. Mr. Babcock of Lancaster, Mrs. F. E. W. Harper of Boston, Rev. Dr. Savage of Franklin, Mrs. Dr. Hathaway of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. S. S and A. K. Foster of Worcester, Rev. Mrs. Hanaford of Reading, Mass., and Rev. Mr. Haskell of Manchester, among others, made addresses. Resolutions were adopted and measures inaugurated for a thorough campaign in the Granite State.

THE STANDARD—1869.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. JOHN BOGGS.

THE REV. JOHN BOGGS writing from Cleveland, Ohio, says:

In addressing you thus on *business* I cannot let the opportunity pass without saying a few words in reference to THE STANDARD both in its *general* and its special bearings. As a *family* paper in my judgment it is entitled to a high rank. Its moral and intellectual tone is such as to benefit all classes of readers. I am especially pleased with the judicious compilation of *short* articles on the fourth page calculated to instruct as well as please. Indeed I know of but one improvement I could suggest, and that would be in the *form* of the paper. I have a great many times regretted that the vast amount of valuable matter *found no where else* was sent forth in so perishable a state as the columns of a folio newssheet. If I had a complete set of THE STANDARD from the commencement in a preservable form I should consider it an invaluable treasure—but I have only the single number last issued, for after I have read the paper carefully I hand it round.

But it is the *special* object of THE STANDARD that should give it value, in the estimation of every one who desires the happiness of the human family, and the perfection and perpetuity of Republican institutions. It is the only paper within my knowledge that unfalteringly, invariably and under all circumstances advocates the equal and even-handed justice so urgently and eloquently promulgated by the Great Teacher while he sojourned with a wicked race in the land of Judea. I am confident that if it could be placed in every family of this great nation of families it would bring peace and prosperity to our whole country. It would be the *cheapest* way to reconstruct the South, and to *educate* the North. It would teach the indispensible necessity of individual and national justice in order to secure national prosperity and individual happiness.

If the *masses* could be brought to learn at the feet of such teachers as WENDELL PHILLIPS and others of like aim and bearing, they would learn that their own future good as well as that of their children is indissolubly woven with the fortunes of the millions who are now suffering from a prejudice most unchristian and anti-American. Nothing short of the complete recognition of the All Fatherhood-of-God and the universal brotherhood of man can save us from national ruin. That lesson is taught more or less clearly in many of the periodicals of the day, but in such detached paragraphs and so mixed with lessons often contradictory to that great truth, that the people fail to be impressed with the idea that all persons are entitled to the same natural privileges which each causes in his own person.

I have been a reader of THE STANDARD for many years, and in my judgment there has never been a day since its first issue when its presence was more loudly demanded than in the year of Grace, 1869, which is just being ushered in. I can not see how any anti-slavery man can think otherwise. If the present status of the colored man is all that the original abolitionist labored for, the object was unworthy of the effort. To spend three decades of a precious life trying to free the slave from the master, and then leave him without means of defense or sustenance, in the midst of a community of ex-masters maddened to desperation by the very fact of emancipation, is to say the least of it a very poor result for the outlay. If such is the "LIBERTY" which has been our watch-cry during a thirty years moral warfare it is only a pseudo-liberty, a base deception—a *fatuus* which has led through difficulty and privation many an honest heart and sympathising nature.

The truth is the time is now at hand when all who can should, "cry aloud and spare not." Oh, that we could have the united efforts of all the friends of suffering humanity brought to bear upon the time-serving actors upon the State and National theaters of the present winter.

I am glad to see that the recent Annual meeting in Philadelphia was a success socially financially and morally. For a number of years I have desired to be at one of the large Anti-Slavery meetings of the East, but have hitherto been hindered. I have, however, not given up the hope of yet enjoying such a season, but would willingly forego the pleasure if I could be assured that the *occasion* for such meetings hail ceased—that the colored man was indeed FREE—that he could with impunity exercise the rights guaranteed to citizens under a truly republican form of government.

Yours in behalf of suffering humanity,

JOHN BOGGS.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Phillips will lecture in this city on Tuesday evening next, January 5th, in the Congregational Tabernacle. His subject we are unable to announce.

It is stated that the Law Lectures of the Howard University, Washington City, will be delivered during the coming winter by John M. Langston Esq.

Rev. D. A. Wasson has prepared a lyceum lecture under the title, "An Emigrant Ship at Sea." It is pronounced by those who have listened to it an admirable lecture.

Miss Ellery, of Boston, an accomplished elocutionist who made her debut as a public reader a year ago, is, we are glad to hear, giving readings very successfully in the vicinity of Boston this winter.

The Boston Commonwealth says:

"Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood, the young and talented lecturer, is the Boston correspondent of *The Quincy* (Ill.,) *Whig*, an enterprising Mississippi river journal. Mrs. R.'s letters are filled with fresh and piquant items concerning political, social and reformatory life in Boston, and are consequently very readable."

The Rev. Dr. Blank once told a little anecdote of Mr. James Harper, the New York publisher. "I asked him," said Dr. Blank, "what he did? I said to him, 'I know that Mr. John Harper attends to the business; Mr. Wesley Harper looks after the literary correspondence; Mr. Fletcher Harper receives authors and looks after new books and the *Magazine*; but you, Mr. Major, I have never been able to discover what you do.' 'I'll tell you,' answered the Major in a whisper, 'but you must not let it out. I entertain the bores.'"

It is reported that Mr. Emerson will soon begin a series of readings in Boston to a select class, to whom he will read, not his own essays, but such passages in literature as he may select, making comments upon them as he reads, after the fashion of the scholastic commentators. The singular charm of Mr. Emerson's manner of reading, and his original and masculine taste in books, will give these readings great attraction; and they will be, in some respects, even finer than his set lectures, as giving more play to his mind at the time of reading, and allowing those passing comments, which, like the table-talk of famous men, are so valuable.

A bit of Starr King's ready wit is recalled by the pleasant Canton Correspondent of the *Dedham Gazette*, writing about Lectures. The title of Mr. King's address, both paradoxical and true, was "Laws of Disorder:"

A good many years ago, in some place where John P. Hale was a practicing lawyer, after a lecture by Wendell Phillips, Hale said, "now let us have an anti-slavery talk." So they had it. The succeeding lecture was to be by Starr King. When the time had arrived, the person who presided arose to introduce Mr. King. He began by saying, "The remarks made by Mr. Phillips at our last meeting were not made at my request." Thereupon all the anti-slavery people present hissed. "Not but that I liked what he said," continued the speaker. And then all the pro-slavery sympathizers hissed. And the perplexed individual sat down without having introduced the lecturer. Mr. King then arose and quietly said—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am to lecture on the '*Laws of Disorder*,' and it seems to be about time for me to begin!

A Montreal despatch of the 17th to the *New York Democrat*, gives the following amusing account of Mr. Greeley's experience at the skating rink there:

"This afternoon it became known that Mr. Greeley would visit the skating rink immediately after his lecture, and a large crowd gathered to see him. Accompanied by the Mayor he visited the rink as soon as the lecture was over. The crowd greeted him with three cheers and a tiger, to which Mr. Greeley replied by removing his hat and bowing several times. At the request of the principal citizens, Mr. Greeley put on a pair of skates and joined the Mayor in a race around the rink. The match was for the best three in five, without weights, and the race was won by Mr. Greeley in three straight heats, his Honor the Mayor falling behind on each occasion, out of respect to his distinguished guest. The immense crowd cheered the victor for several minutes, and gathered about him in such numbers that fears were entertained for the security of the ice, and the police were called to clear the rink and prevent accidents. Notwithstanding the high price of hot-house flowers, more than three bushels of boquets were thrown at Mr. Greeley during his trial of speed with the Mayor. One of the boquets accidentally fell in front of Mr. Greeley and entangled in his skates, throwing him headlong, but he happily escaped without injury."

The Boston Correspondent of *The Quincy* (Ill.,) *Whig* (Mrs. E. D. Rockwood), writing of Senator Sumner, says:

"You never need believe in any rumors of his losing his place. He holds it by the love and trust of the young men and the old of the commonwealth—a surer tenure than that by which any European sovereign holds his throne. Though the fashion of the "Hub" and its bar hate him, everything off the pavement adores him. Did you know that when we received the wounded Senator home after that infamous attempt at assassination,

only two windows on our fashionable Beacon street were opened? The darkly closed shutters of every other house cursed the abolitionist. But spite of that, Massachusetts will hold up the great Senator as long as he will consent to lead the nation in her name. Report here says Grant will offer him Seward's place. If he does, and fills the Cabinet with men like him, what halcyon days the nation will have.

"Mr. Sumner sold his house here last year and established himself at Washington. He is only a bird of passage—a hotel guest. His parlors, where it was once delightful to study art and history in so many treasures belonging to both, are all changed. But I still stop and gaze on the windows of that room where the tireless student, after delighting some groups of scholars or statesmen, toiled on to the early morning hours, forging those bolts that were as potent as Grant's cannon to crush rebellion."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, December 27th, 1868.

OUR Christmas came, this year, with the very perfection of Christmas weather, clear and cold; the right sort, as Mrs. Partington said, for putting the rich in mind of the necessities of the poor. She thought that mild weather, in this season of gifts, disposed the comfortable people to think that every body was comfortable, and to limit the sending of tokens of remembrance mainly to their kinsfolk and their rich neighbors; whereas, if they feel "a nipping and an eager air" in the transit from the warm house to the warm church, and back again, they think perforce of those who have no money to buy fuel, and give their orders accordingly.

Let us take for granted that this duty is well discharged by the occupants of the two rich men's churches just finished in this city, one Orthodox and one Unitarian. Both are luxurious and expensive, eclipsing former efforts in that direction, here; and if the Lord sets a high value on those qualities in the worship offered Him, He is, no doubt, satisfied. The former building is, appropriately, a trifle sombre in its magnificence; the latter, rejoicing in that not too darkly colored imported glass, for remission of the duties upon which it lately "prayed," is the perfection of gracefulness and refinement, quietly elegant, imbued with that repose—

"Which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere."

The first thought inspired by the lavishness of expense displayed in these two buildings is—What possible connection can they have with the sort of devotion inculcated by the man of Nazareth? Yet the motto of one is "Stand up for Jesus;" and the pastor of other, in the last great Unitarian Conference, was one of the most vehement protesters against any enlargement of their fellowship beyond the boundary of the word "Christian." Yet, on second thoughts, they are right. The *name* is essential to them; they have, at least, "a name to live," while they stick to that phraseology.

There are now several churches for the people, in this city, where not only are all classes admitted, but where no distinction between rich and poor is recognized at all, far less made prominent in the arrangements. But it seems fair to mention with honor that "Church of the Disciples" which was first to build a house of worship with this express purpose, and which now—feeling the need of enlarging its boundaries—has just erected a more spacious church, all parts of which are to be absolutely free to all. It was determined, before beginning the house, that this should be its character; and the large congregation that assembles in the vestry, while the church above is approaching its completion, promises continued success for this experiment of more than twenty years.

By the way, I may mention here that Mrs. Jarley, (whose kindness to little Nell and her grandfather is known to every body), was so much interested in the erection of this building for a Free Church, that she brought her famous wax-work exhibition over for the express purpose of adding its attractions to a Fair, got up for the better furnishing of this Church's Sunday School. Of course every body was glad to see her and her distinguished family, and everybody was amazed and delighted with that new feature of her stupendous exhibition by which the wax figures are made to seem inspired with life, so that the Sabbath-breaking maid-of-honor of Queen Elizabeth pricks her finger afresh, and Jasper Packlemerton, of atrocious memory, actually moves his fingers, as if in the act of tickling. I will further say, if the readers of THE STANDARD will receive it strictly in confidence, that those who wish a sight of this thrice-wondrous exhibition can gain it only by application to Miss Louisa M. Alcott whose guest Mrs. Jarley is while she remains in this country.

Dickens has ceased to write Christmas stories, but his mantle has fallen upon a Bostonian, and the tale called "Daily Bread," written by Edward E. Hale, and published in Christmas Morning's *Daily Advertiser*, is equal to Dickens' best, full of truth, beauty, pathos, humanity, brotherly and motherly love, the very milk of human kindness. I wish it might circulate by hundreds of thousands, and at last be illustrated as skillfully as the "Christmas Carol" of this year's Boston publication. As I have no interest in the house of "Fields, Osgood &Co.," there is no need of my mentioning their name in this connection.

NORTH.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTH.

LETTER FROM AN OLD NATIVE CITIZEN.

HOMER, La., Dec. 10th, 1868.

WENDELL PHILLIPS:

My Dear Sir: Your manly efforts to do justice to the down-trodden and bitterly persecuted portion of the Southern people, and the long-continued, persistent and perfidious efforts of that portion of the Northern press called "Democratic," to misrepresent us and make our condition as wretched and hopeless as possible, induce me to write you a line for publication; indeed, these considerations and influences combined, lead me to feel that it is my especial duty to do so.

I take it, that what is wanted, is, for the loyal nation—the intelligent and patriotic masses of the free and enlightened North—to know the true condition and precise status of this portion of the country, to the end that it may now be speedily redeemed from the barbarsim and brutality which have so long blackened its destiny This is what we have hoped and prayed for, and if the election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency does not at once accomplish this, then all our sufferings for the truth, and his victorious battles for the Union, have been alike in vain, and a bitter and derisive mockery.

It would, of course, require many pages of closely printed matter to detail minutely all that should be known in regard to what has befallen the friends of the National Government in this section of the country, since the inception of rebellion. An iron pen wielded upon a rock, and directed by the spirit of inspiration, could not more than do justice to the theme. Indeed, a final day of reckoning, when a just God shall be the arbiter, can alone mete out justice in this regard. To expect it of man or of the nation, would be to expect more than has ever yet been realized upon earth under similar circumstances. Yet we may hope for some temporary vindication of truth, when the truth is fully known. Hence I am encouraged to write you a line—knowing you, from what I have seen and read, to be what few of earth can claim to be; the defender of truth for the sake of truth, regardless of earthly reward of commendation or censure.

And might it not be sufficient for me simply to say to you, after having been a constant and careful reader of your "STANDARD" for years, that you understand the Southern question better and have constantly stated the condition of affairs here more correctly and impartially, than perhaps any other one man in America! Can I not only refer the Northern people to your columns, and tell them that I know, from a life-time personal experience, alas! but too sad, that you have never, in any single case or instance, overstated the withering terrors of treason, or the black and damning barbarism of slavery! Sir, I am a native of this land—a land blessed with the essential gifts and ornamental beauties of nature beyond comparison, and where it may be justly and truthfully said, "all save the spirit of man is divine"—and I tell you, and through you I will say to the Northern people, that what I here say is true, "aye, ten times true;" and I speak it without malice, yet as resting under the solemnity of an oath recorded in the Courts of Heaven. No; with all your seeming exaggerations to some, you have never, to my knowledge, overdrawn what is the true condition of this sin-cursed and treason-despoiled land.

Is this sufficient to awaken the sensibilities of an enlightened and Christianized people? Are there any among you who will not believe? Perhaps there may be; for alas! I am reminded that there are, even in the free States of the redeemed North, still some who howl against "Abolitionists," and openly seek to glorify treason!

Well, now, what is the *present* condition of things here in what is called North-Western Louisiana, where I now live, and where I have lived and published a *loyal* newspaper for the last twenty years? Yes, except during the intervals when I have been muzzled or mobbed by the *chivalry of treason;* and I may remark that right recently, to-wit; on the night of the 3th November last, I was entirely estopped, inasmuch as a midnight mob literally demolished my printing office, the "Homer Iliad"—the "Book of Woes" to traitors! And this was the second mobbing I have received within the last four months—the only *reason* or shadow of excuse given, being that I published an "official journal," a paper favorable to the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, and supported Grant for the Presidency, over "Seymour and Blair!" And the Rebel press openly indorses and eulogises the mobbing of my office, and that of others of like politics!

But I asked the question, what is the *present* condition of affairs in this immediate section?

The late election passed off quietly; and notwithstanding we have in this parish a registered Republican majority of between 350 and 400, Grant received but two votes! And a few nights after the election one of these—an honest and unsophisticated German citizen—was taken out and treated to the complimentary honor of *only* "five hundred lashes!" with orders to leave the country within a given time, under penalty of death. I did not go to the polls myself, for the reason that I did not wish to give my countenance to such a contemptible and wicked farce. But the freedmen were not permitted to remain away. They were forced to go and vote for the *Rebel ticket*, "Seymour and Blair," under positive and peremptory threats of death for disobedience.

Before the election, there was a system of intimidation, outrage and brutality practiced here, unparalleled and unheard of in any land, civilized or barbarian; but I wish to speak only of what is going on now, since the election.

Well, the people know that Grant is elected; and we, poor "mendicant loyalists," had indulged the hope that a knowledge of this fact would appease the wrath or cool the ardor, somewhat, of assassins and outlaws. But such seems not to be the effect. The Southern press—the *Rebel Press*, I should say—has raised the cry that Grant is to be Conservative, indeed, a second Andrew Johnson, and is to throw off and "fool" the Radicals, and play into the hand, of the "Democracy!" This is enough for pent-up treason. You can scarcely imagine what an influence for evil the like of this has upon the "public mind" here. The Platform of Seymour and Blair, and especially the Broadhead Letter of the latter erratic genius, caused the wilful murder of thousands upon thousands of innocent and patriotic friends of the Federal Government in the South; as also did the "policy" of Gen. Hancock occasion the cowardly assassination of many in Louisiana, to my own personal knowledge. The Rebel press of the South, I say, is particular and studied in its efforts to induce the belief among assassins and midnight prowlers that Grant's Administration will not molest them. And this, I say, is enough. "The work goes bravely on!" Not a day passes that we do not hear of some "chivalric chastisement" which took place the night before—always in the *night!* Of course the deeds of those "men" are not evil, that they should select the dark in which to perpetrate them! Not at all! They only take the night, because they are so busy at honest labor in day-time! They love to labor!! They were raised to honest labor!!! Well, they go in the night-time, when "honest men do sleep," and they take out "Union men," black and white, and after torturing them, in manner and style such as the "ruling race" only know how to invent and inflict, they give them so many days in which to "leave the country, or die!

A few nights ago, a gang of this gentry, in a neighborhood about twelve miles from this town, took out an old freedman, whom they suspected of not being sound on the "Seymour and Blair" sensation, and treated him to something less, perhaps, than a thousand lacerations on the naked back; lashed down, in ancient slavery style, to suit the convenience of the "stroke!" The poor old fellow prayed and begged most fervently and lustily. "Oh! master, master!" he cried. One of the chivalry replied: "Oh, d—n your old soul—I thought you had no master!" The poor old helpless freedman could only reply, in the vain hope of commiseration: "Oh! yes, sir, you are all my masters!" No one knows precisely how many brutal blows they gave this poor old man; but *it is known* that he was beat nearly to death, and ordered to leave! And it is also known that the same crowd went to a house but a little way off, and called out another freedman and shot him through the lungs. He sent for the man with whom he was living to come and pray for him. The gentleman went; and he has been to town, and tells the tale himself. He is a Democrat, but he most bitterly denounces such conduct, and has since sold out and will leave the parish and the State. He says he will live in no land where such conduct is tolerated. He says the negro was a good and faithful man, attended to his own business, and harmed no one.

But I am becoming too lengthy, before scarcely commencing to enumerate isolated facts. I will have to fall back upon the original proposition, and say that you are well posted, and have never overdrawn the mark. A firm, unflinching Radical Republican Administration will settle all this. But much retribution must be had, or God will never bless this land. We must, as a Nation, be just before generous; and become somewhat pure before we can expect to remain permanently at peace. The great curse of this land is a licentious, libertine, infamous newspaper press. At present, nearly every loyal paper in this State is mobbed out.

If I am spared, I will see you before the leaves come again; when I shall be able to relate many outrages far more horrible and infamous and disgraceful than I have here even hinted at. Meantime, you must know me simply as the friend of the oppressed and the defender of the truth.

W. JASPER BLACKBURN,
Fifth Congressional District, La.

FROM VIRGINIA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

MISS PUTNAM writes from Virginia, December 16th:

We made our first call in the Parish with Col. F——, on Trustee Henry Thompson, to engage him to go to the saw-mill with his cart and oxen to draw laths and boards to finish our school house. Mrs. Thompson came outside her door to meet us in the hospitable fashion of the country, and ask us in. In the huge chimney cowered rows and rows of children, big and little—such a picture as it was!—rags and rents and good-nature. Mr. Thompson came in with his gun, and in answer to inquiries—told us a very pretty history of the place. The Chimney was very ancient; 150 years old he thought—English amplitude—seven feet long between the jambs. The statelier house near was very old—used to be called 'The Globe.' Courts were held in it in the colonial days. The Claybrooks, hid their grain stores there in the war, but our soldiers found it! (Col. F——. says he understands how the colored people *told*, by the twinkle that goes round when it is talked of). Then Mr. T—— went on to tell that he might not be permitted to stay on the twenty acres he rents after Christmas, as he has had written notice to quit—because he voted the Republican ticket! He said, he must stand by his opinion—and asked the man who warned him, if *he* didn't want his free opinion, without consulting any one how *he* should vote? The agent said yes. Well said Mr. T—— "*So do I* want the same right." Col. F—— said as we left the house and walked across the field home, "I wish I could show that sight to some of my conservative friends! Think of that family of twelve children, liable to be turned out shelterless, Christmas, because their father must vote as he thought best for their good! I think they would be converted—hear his sensible talk and put themselves in his place." Mr. Thompson has always been a free man—and his style of talk is very original and interesting. Col. F——. found out he made shoes, and is going to set him up in trade—buy him a small lot of leather, tools etc., to start with. He to repay the outlay in time. I am to keep the accounts, and make returns to Col. F——.

So, to-morrow morning before breakfast Mr. T—— goes to the landing to meet his little stores and supplies—that Col. F—— was moved to advance by the sight of all those ragged children in the chimney corner—liable even to be turned out of it—for the sake of choosing Grant President!

C. F. PUTNAM.

LOTTSBURG, Northumberland Co. Virginia.

A BATTLE PICTURE.

OLUSTEE—1864.

With beating hearts we heard the cannon roar,
And bowed beneath the messengers of war;
Hasted our weary footsteps to the strife,
Trusting to give our dubious arms new life:—
A dusky column ours—save leaders white—
Of erstwhile slaves now armed for freedom's fight.
Then of a sudden came the word to stand,
Pending the issue of some new command.

Ah! who shall paint the history of that rest,
The hopes and fears that struggled in each breast.
That ruddy tinted face of earnest youth,
Who bartered ease to battle for the truth,
A deeper russet now hath overspread,
As follow quick the thoughts the hour hath bred:
Perchance of dear ones sighing o'er his lot—
Of hallowed blessings clustered round the spot,
Where home and friends revolved a golden past,
Now all in melancholy shadow cast;
Since that dire hour when baleful Southern plan.
Lost him the boy—though gained his cause the man.

In varied mood behold another form—
One whose advancing years have known life's storm:
A compact shape with dark and sallow skin,
That scarce a sky but underneath hath been.
In foreign camps upreared from tender age,
He knew the world but as one battle page;
And shared what type of martial life should be,
By mingled sternness, dice and drunken spree.
Alas for this! let's draw the curtain o'er;
He simply copied troopers gone before.
And see him now with fever in his eye,
Heeding the tenor of the battle-cry!
Or as it seemed the past swept o'er her strings,
So many a fitful change their temper brings:
For now remorse is pictured in his gaze;
And then some demon stirs his wrathful ways:
Anon a white-winged messenger decreed
Almost a smile—a tear; as he did bleed
For innocence and virtuous joys that were,
And budded ere he knew it in a prayer.

Behold another figure old and spare,
With sensual face and selfish stony stare;
Who thought it worth a soldier rank and pay,
To yield the citizen and chance the fray:
Though vaunteth he of patriotic heart,
That led him from his luxuries to part:
Brings with his equipage a feather-bed,
For the bare ground would hurt his bones, he said:
And practiceth full many temperance whim—
The which indeed the doctor ordered him—
Yet plumes on reformation sound of course,
When 'tis but failing of the vital force.
So see him prate of courage to his men—
A cant, however, 'tis plain their souls condemn,
As in their eyes they seem to state the fact,
More Spartan stuff should preach of Spartan act.

There standeth one to read whom were a task,
And measure out the worth his actions ask:
A slight, fair, youthful man of dreamy eye,
Flashing severe or glancing tenderly.
One ponders why the scene of strife *he* sought,
Nor won of zeal nor mercenary thought;
Yet pays he tribute to the cause and owned,
That it must win with slavery dethroned:
Watched as a zealous officer his men;
Helped them by purse and as he could by pen.
Withal by those who should have known 'twas said,
He found the war the only means for bread,
And yet 'twere strange with more than common brain,
Nor aught observed of him that bore a stain,
'Twere strange to such that such a fate should fall,
To eat of Hessian bread or not at all.
Yet seek we not to draw aside the veil,
And feast an idle fancy with strange tale:
To force the truth from an unwilling heart,
We only reap at most the worthless part:
The clue to hidden mysteries in the soul,
Only an angel-love demands the whole.
Enough to read then now some cause of grief,
Appealed to silence as its best relief:
And thus we take our friend devoid the past,
And note the man we found him at the last;
Save but to trace a more than common gloom,
As though he balanced thus the battle doom:
I'm here to die! and like a tangled knot,
Perchance be swept away, condemned—forgot:
Nor leave bequeathing e'en my longing mite,
To wound the ignorance that chokes the right.
Then of a sudden flashed a hopeful light,
As though all else he banished to the night;
Seeing alone the present duty break,
With all the flood of glory in its wake.

And that long line of wistful eager eyes—
Who could the half of their sad tale surmise?
Of what they knew—the task, the lash, the curse,
The severed tie and women treated worse;
And what they knew not in their darkened path,
Of all those joys that make the cultured hearth:
Now pausing on the threshold of the spot
Darkly retributive of their vexed lot;
Wond'ring if they perchance some face shall see
That worked them ill with fiendish tyranny.
So melts their docile gaze in leopard glare,
That flashes from the somore depths—beware!

The roaring tide of battle surged and fell;
Now dins dismay, now shouts of triumph swell,
Whilst all is swallowed in the ghastly blear,
Save the fast wounded creeping to the rear.
And bloodier work ne'er fairer temple knew;
Nor fairer smiled the canopy of blue:
Where giant pines displayed their rugged pride
And moss and lichen graced their fretted side;
Where the live oak its monster antlers threw,
And at its feet the tender greensward grew:
Where spring-tide zephyrs carried on their wings
The dawn of early wild-flowers offerings.
Olustee! O that it should be thy fame,
To bear a brand of man's eternal shame!

But see an aid on furious steed draw near,
And hoarsely whisper in the Colonel's ear.
Forward we move! in solid phalanx formed
Deploying where the missiles thickest stormed.
And like an avalanches sudden sweep,
Or like an angry thunderbolt's swift leap;
Or like a lionness that finds her lair
Despoiled and robbed rends vengefully the air;
So plunged into the eddying fray these men,
And in their banner hope revived again!
The pen doth fail when it should be complete,
To show the horrors of war's winding-sheet;
For mem'ry sickens o'er the cruel sight,
Of scenes that marked a sanguinary fight.
Where as some devil-forms at mouth of hell,
All shadowy in the rifts of sulphury smell,
Now subtly gliding, now with savage yell,
And belching splint'ring shot and mangling shell;
So answered to our onslaught with fell swath,
The foe and swept our ranks his lava wrath.
In vain we rally oft and oft again;
Out-numbered—close pursued—we leave our slain;
Not only these, alas! full many an eye
In writhing helplessness beholds us fly:
And on our hearts the double sorrow falls,
A field that's lost—our comrades' helpless call.

In mercy closed the night upon the fray;
And in the cover of its shade we stole away.

L'ENVOY.

The blazing log throws out a ruddy glow,
Contrasting with the landscape set in snow,
The evening circle gathered from the gale,
Lists to the soldier tell his battle tale.
The youth of whom I spoke he said,
Was wounded cheering on his men—he's dead;
Died as the hero dies who hates the strife,
But for the sake of truth will give his life.
The trooper also met the brave man's end,
With those whose lives the colors did defend.
The grey-beard fell—he fell behind a tree;
And to this day may spout of liberty.
The other—yes—he lives—he lives to bless
The Lord—a wife—for anchored happiness.

LITERARY.

The January Number of the *Atlantic Monthly* begins its twenty-third volume, with the following Articles and Writers: "Malbone: an Oldport Romance," a serial story, by T. W. Higginson; "The Sunshine of the Gods," (a poem), by Bayard Taylor; "A Literary Gourmand," by Eugene Benson; "The Good-Natured Pendulum," a characteristic story, by Edward Everett Hale; "The Flying Dutchman," (a poem), by James Russell Lowell; "Co-operative Housekeeping," third paper; "In the Teutoburger Forest," another of the series of articles by Bayard Taylor on "By Ways of Europe," "After Election," (a poem), by John G. Whittier; "Consumption in America," the first of a series of articles on this most important subject, based on the observations of many years' practice, by Dr. Henry I. Bowditch; "The 'Mean Yankees' at Home," by James Parton; "Dante," (a poem), by William Cullen Bryant; "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," by James Russell Lowell; "Guadenhutten," a historical sketch, by W. D. Howells; "Cinders from the Ashes," a chapter of school reminisences, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Moral Significence of the Republican Triumph," by E. P. Whipple; Reviews and Literary Notices.

The Radical for December in a timely editorial, called "The Second Day of December, 1859," reviews the cruel execution of the martyr, John Brown, and recalls many of the sublime words that fell from his lips the last eventful days of his life. The other articles of this valuable journal are: "Nature's Warnings," by John Weiss; "Shadow and Eclipse," by Samuel Johnson; "The Phœnix," by Isabel E. Crosby; "The Labor of Life," by Marie A. Brown; "Enticed;" "The Historical Continuity of Religion," by J. Stahl Patterson; "Sundered," and "Progress," (from the French of M. Edmund Scherer). The following poem we quote:

PRAYER OF PEACE.

O Heaven, that kindly hold'st thy peace afar,
Deign not to tender lesser terms to our
Poor race than they are given who build thy courts
Above. Grant us that we redeem our earth
By thrifty ways of being just; by faith
In Man. Thy peace we pray: yet vain are our
Most happy words! All vain our faithless works!
Ne'er may we win the things we seek and wait—
Our liberty and happiness—forsake
We not our ancient sin against the weak.
Thrice we in costly blood thy principles
Have writ, and pledged our hearts in troth thereto.
Oh, never us release, till we have done
Their largest best. Ah! then "LET US HAVE PEACE."

The subscription price of *The Radical* will from this date be Four Dollars a year. We shall continue to receive subscriptions for it in connection with THE STANDARD—the two for $5.50 per year, instead of $5.00 as hitherto. Our subscribers will please note the change.

Littell's Living Age, No. 1282, for the week ending December 26th, contains Clever Women, *Blackwood's Magazine;* The Country House on the Rhine, part VI, by Berthold Auerbach, author of "On the Heights," etc., translated for *The Living Age* from *Die Presse;* The Bulwer Scandal, *London Correspondent;* Lettice Lisle, part II, *Cornhill Magazine;* Will Emigration Last? *Spectator;* Animal Reverence, *Spectator;* English and French Cities, *Saturday Review;* Barter in the Nineteenth Century, *Pall Mall Gazette;* A Japanese Grammar, *Saturday Review;* The Future of Photography, *Imperial Review;* William Motherwell's Poems, *Churchman's Family Magazine;* besides short articles and poetry.

To new subscribers, remitting to the publishers for the year 1869, *The Living Age* is sent from the beginning of Auerbach's romance (No. 1277) to January 1st, 1869, *free of charge.*

Littell & Gay, Publishers, 30 Broomfield street, Boston.

The Galaxy offers sixteen extra pages with its January number, and is unusually good. The following is the table of contents: "Cipher," by Jane G. Austin; "New York Journalists—W. H. Hurlbut," by Eugene Benson; "The Liberal Triumvirate of England," by Justin McCarthy, of the *London Star;* "A Belt of Asteroids," by Edmund C. Steadman; "The Dream-Child," by Richard H. Stoddard; "The Lanman Scandal," by Mrs. W. H. Palmer; "The Waking of the Cid," by Edna Dean Proctor; "Edwin Booth," by Lucia Gilbert Calhoun; "Edwin Booth" (a poem), by Anne M. Crane; "The Flight of Diodem," by William Cullen Bryant; "Our Crime-Land Excursion," by A. Oakey Hall; "English Grammer, a Chapter of Words and their Uses," by Richard Grant White; "Swallows," by T. W. Parsons, and Miscellany and Drift-wood. The supplement contains four chapters of "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edwards.

The Herald of Health for January, presents the following table of contents: "The Education of Little Children," by Madame Matilda H. Kriege; "Luxury," by O. B. Frothingham; "The Two Mountains," (a Poem) by M. Josephine Bassett; "Is it a Sin to be Sick?" by Rev. Charles H. Brigham; "Bone Food," by D. H. Jacques; "He Wills It So," (A Poem) by Mrs. D. Harry Prime; "Dangers of Familiarity with Evil," by H. W. Beecher; "Kitty Howard's Journal," by Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith; "Thoughts from the Sick Room," by Frances Dana Gage; "Let us Have Peace," (A Poem) by Mrs. M. A. Kidder; "The Grape Cure," by Prof. E. P. Evans; "Heart Disease," by Dr. E. P. Miller; "Recent Thoughts from Our Best Thinkers;" "Up the Mississippi," by Mrs. Dr. Gleason; Editorials; Answers to Correspondents, etc.

Putnam's Magazine for January contains the opening chapters of "To-day," a new novel by Mr. Richard B. Kimball; "Tent-Life with the Wandering Koraks," by George Kennan; "Treasure, A Christmas Story," by W. L. Paulding; "Christmas-Eve Chant of Breton Peasants," by Howard Glyndon; "The Battle of Plattsburg Bay," an extract from the unpublished manuscripts of Fennimore Cooper; "Three Pictures and one Portrait;" "The Literature of the Coming Controversy" by Rev. L. W. Bacon; "Fainting at Noontide," by E. Foxton; "Steam-Travel in Cities," by A. W. Colgate; "The Story-Teller of Cophenhagen," a sketch of Hans Christian Anderson; "Popular Lectures in England;" "Literature, Art, and Science Abroad;" and the Monthly Chronicle.

The Woman's Advocate, the new Woman's Rights Magazine, will be issued on Tuesday next, January 5th. It will, we understand, present a very interesting table of contents, including articles from Frances D. Gage, Frederick Douglass, Rev. Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell, Kate Field, Lucy Stone, William J. Linton, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, and other well known writers.

RECEIVED.

Our Young Folks for January. Boston: Field, Osgood & Co.

Our Schoolday Visitor for January. Philadelphia: Daughaday & Co.

The Galaxy for January. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine for January. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Harper's Magazine for January. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Atlantic Monthly for January. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Lippincott's Magazine for January. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Blackwood's Magazine for January. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

The Friend for December. New York: 131 William street.

The New York Teacher for January. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

The Children's Friend for January. Westchester, Pa. E. K. Smedley, Editor.

The Ladies Repository for January. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

Packard's Monthly for January. New York: S. S. Packard, Publisher, 937 Broadway.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Friends' Intelligencer for January. Philadelphia: Association of Friends.

Mayne Reid's Magazine for January. New York: G. W. Carleton.

Harper's Weekly and *Harper's Bazar.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

ADDRESS OF THE UNIVERSAL FRANCHISE ASSOCIATION TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES:

You sleep surrounded by sufferings, you dream amid dangers! You are called the weaker sex—and your weakness is forced to to bear the heaviest burdens.

Taxation without representation, and despotic government without the consent of the governed—wrongs against which your fathers triumphed on many a blood-soaked field—are still in force against you, despite their victory.

The liberty which they thus won, and which they transmitted to their sons, is yet denied to you—their daughters.

Cruel laws cramp and crush you; powerful prejudices prevent your growth, and shut you in with walls of iron.

Few professions are open to you; and into most of these, social degradation attends your entrance.

When you enter them, you crowd them; and must toil for less than your labor's worth.

To those of you who lack wealth and friends—a misfortune which may at any time fall upon any—there is no escape from this condition but marriage, death, or a life worse than death.

To her therefore, who must earn her own bread, and whose affections do not prompt her to married life, there are but these alternatives: Scanty Earnings, Unloving Wedlock, Death or Nameless Shame.

If you enter the married state, your children, your property, yourselves, may be foully wronged by changed or false-hearted husbands, without redress from the laws which you must obey. If other men wrong you, you are far from certain of redress.

If public officers are unjust to you, you cannot remove nor punish them.

Laws are enacted; public measures are ordained, of the gravest importance to you; and you are allowed no voice in their consideration or their passage.

Nor are you even allowed to decide whether you will take such part.

Hence your wishes and interests are not important to the politicians who make and administer the laws. They neither know nor respect those interests and wishes; nor do they fear to disregard them.

In a word, your safety depends wholly on the *good will* of your rulers!

Arouse, then, women of America!

Sleep no more while your sisters suffer; dream not yourselves secure while dangers lie in wait!

Though weak be wise! While fortunate, arm yourselves against misfortune!

Demand that society cease to make your weakness woe.

Claim the freedom which is at once your right and your education. Insist that the ballot box be open to you, to use if you will. Command thus the respect of the politicians; oblige them open to the professions to you; raise by this means the remuneration of your toil; reform the laws, and let the holy state of marriage be to none a mere means of bread!

Can this good work be done in a day?

No; it needs time and toil from you all.

Gather, then, mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the Nation, at the Capital of the Republic, in January next and demand from Congress and the country freedom to exercise your rights!

Special Notices.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

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THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO REFORM.

The Woman's Advocate will labor for the legal and political Equality of Woman.

It will also consider the questions of Woman's Work, Wages and Social Status. It will record the progress of the Cause abroad, and aim to be a faithful index of all important home Movements. A Literary Department will be maintained.

Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The Woman's Advocate, the first number of which will be ready by the first of January, 1869, will be issued thereafter every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twelve Cents.

The January number will contain articles from Lucy Stone, Frances D. Gage, Miss Kate Field, C. C. Burleigh, W. J. Linton, Henry D. Blackwell, Frederick Douglass, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers.

All Communications to be addressed,

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau Street, New York.

[Subscriptions for *The National Anti-Slavery Standard* and *The Woman's Advocate* will be received, the two furnished for $4.00 per annum].

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

Herald of Peace is the name of a sixteen page quarto, published in Chicago, Ill., by members of the Society of Friends. It is devoted to the cause of Peace and general religious improvement. It is an excellent family paper, thoroughly "radical" in religion and politics, and is well supported by the most intelligent and active members of the Society of Friends, as well as many others. It numbers among its contributers Prof. Thomas Chase, of Haverford College; E. L. Comstock, the well-known missionary and philanthropist; J. H. Douglas, Secretary of the "Peace Association of Friends in America;" Wm. F. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, long an active and efficient laborer among the Freedmen; David Hunt, a veteran minister of Iowa; Prof. D. Satterthwaite, of New York, beside many others, both among Friends and others. The editorials are always practical and pointed. The Children's Department is edited with great care. Altogether it is decidedly the leading paper among the Friends, and will be sure to receive a hearty support from all classes. It is issued at the low price of $1 50 per year.

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TAULER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son.
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. God has sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust
Wisdom the weary schoolman never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE QUESTION —CRITICS CRITICISED.

IN the recent agitation of the so-called woman's movement, the weak and cowardly portion of human nature has made itself painfully apparent on more than one occasion, in the reasons that have been given, both by women and men, for withholding their support and sympathy from the cause of "Woman's Suffrage." I wish at this moment simply to criticise this weakness and cowardice, as independently as I can, of the cause itself. The first fact then to be considered in this criticism, is, that the question of "woman's suffrage" is a question which a great many women look askance at, and are in truth afraid of, simply because they think it is unpopular with the majority of men, and called unpleasant names by them. Women who are intelligent, and allow their consciences to act upon other matters, who do daily resent the comment and dictum of the other sex in regard to fashion and many domestic topics; upon a question which some of the ablest men and women have declared to be of vital importance, they not only permit themselves to be overruled and extinguished by jeers and adverse criticism, but they do themselves and their race, the injustice of speaking, to say the least, both thoughtlessly and ungenerously of the capacity of their own sex. They will meet you with the declaration that the woman's platform is "unlovely" and "unwomanly." It is easy to see that these are quotations, and as easy to tell from whence they come. If women have spirit and independence enough to persist in the face of constant opposition and ridicule, in following any absurdity of fashion—which is rebellion to a certain extent on the side of evil—why can they not have the spirit of independence to rebel on the side of good, with as determined a persistence? In other words, why can they not assume to think for themselves on the vital problems of the hour, as well as upon the lighter problems of fashion. By assuming to think for themselves on the last, they bring down upon their devoted heads, harder names, or names that ought to be harder to bear, than "strong-minded," and "woman's rights." But the result proves in too many instances that they can bear the assertion of being imitators of the *demi-monde*, and all that train of adjectives which continually beset them, in newspaper paragraphs, or meet them in caricature, more tranquilly than the higher sneer of "strong-minded," and "woman's rights"—a sneer that, at its worst, has nothing in its meaning that can reflect upon their purity, or their intellect. And what is the meaning of this inconsistency? Is it especially womanly inconsistency? For the honor of the sex, let us answer, no; let us believe that it is that old demon of cowardice and weakness, which in some form or other, is the enemy of all human nature. The weakness that constantly defers to some precedent, the cowardice that waits to follow in the footsteps of the multitude. In the ranks of fashion, the multitude have for ages thronged. It has long ago, then, become the *fashion* to follow fashion's follies, no matter where she leads, or from whence she comes; and it is a pitiful comment upon us all to say that it is easier "for good and intelligent women to join these ranks, and to follow these footsteps, even to their extremest lengths, than to speak an encouraging word, or to acknowledge their sympathy in a cause they know can have nothing ignoble in its aims, but instead, has avowedly the real welfare of all women and indeed of the whole race." A pitiful comment it is upon us all, when one woman—a good and conscientious woman—can say as one said recently, in answer to the call upon her for an expression of her sympathy with this cause, that she was afraid woman would abuse the ballot, because they were so frivolous and flippant. Many a worse woman than this good lady, has a better idea of her sex than this. A clever, hard-headed Massachusetts Democrat, a politician of the old conservative school, who does *not* sympathize with the "woman question," laughed involuntarily when I quoted this to him, and frankly said with a good deal of *bon homie*. "Oh, if that is where the rivalry is to come in, I don't think that we men need be afraid of your sex. We've been at this business of ballot abuse rather too long to fear a new hand!"

Later in the conversation he turned with this comment—the saddest comment that women can provoke from men:—

"So this is the estimate that one woman has of her sex—don't complain of men's estimates when women speak thus of each other."

And he was right. We have no business to complain of men's estimates, while one of us can utter such words as these in criticism upon another. It is little wonder if we judge each other thus, that such papers as "*Modern Women*" can be published in one of the first English newspapers of the day—papers that offend every intelligent, right-thinking man and woman who read them, because of their brutal attack and shallow one-sidedness. Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun, of New York, who prefaces these papers with an introduction on their republication in book form in this country, is in herself, and in what she says, a living protest, and refutation of this shallow one-sidedness.

"The critic of the *London Saturday*," she says, "beginning perhaps with the intention of telling sad and sober truth about a class, has ended with a list of the follies and faults of individuals, and these are set down with the keen and unconvincing clearness of the satirist."

And these private utterances, of which I complain, have precisely this fault of speaking of individuals as a class, or even in a more sweeping manner, as the whole race of women. Such sweeping comment, such wholesale condemnation, reacts upon every individual woman. No woman can therefore declare that she fears her sex may abuse the ballot because of their frivolity and flippancy, without the declaration reacting upon herself and those about her. This tendency of some minds to deplore the existing state of things, and to persistently look only at the weakest and darkest side of this existing state, to contemplate the tares regardless of the wheat, has been one of the great stumbling blocks in the way of progress in every age. Such minds continually look backwards, and never forwards. They quote the women of the past—their grandmothers, or their great-grandmothers, as exemplifying the virtue and wisdom of women. Assuredly there have been wise and virtuous women in the past; noble names which to this day—

"Smell sweet and blossom from the dust;"

but as a representative era no age can show so high a record of the general thought and cultivation of women as our own. A century that has produced such characters as Elizabeth Browning, and Charlotte Bronté, and Mrs. Gaskell, and Florence Nightingale, and Mrs. John Stuart Mill, and Margaret Fuller, need not be afraid of comparison with the past, nor of the present influence of the merely fashionable and idle. In allusion to this very spirit of looking backwards and deploring the present, Mrs. Calhoun in her inimitable "introduction" to "*Modern Women*," has the following:

"St. Paul was hardly less severe than the *London Saturday*, if less explicit in his condemnation of the fashionable women of his day, yet we look upon that day as heroic. Certainly neither London nor New York can rival the luxury of a rich Roman matron, yet it was not the luxury of her women which destroyed the empire, and Brutus Portia was quite as truly a representative woman as the superb Messalina. John Knox thought things were as bad as they could possibly be, when he thundered at vice in high places, and if there had been a John Knox in the court of Charles the Second, he would have sighed for a return to the innocent days of his great-grandfather. On the whole that hope which springs eternal, suggests that the fashionable women of the reign of Victoria and of our seventeenth President, are not essentially more discouraging than all the generations of the thoughtless fair who danced lilly down forgotten pasts."

This is but a brief portion of the eloquent protest against the most one-sided and unjust attack upon women that has yet been written—a protest which in its ability and fairness and clear-sightedness, stands in noble contrast to the book it prefaces as "Introduction." One is reminded, upon reading the two, of the paradoxical question in one of Mrs. Browning's later poems; that question, "what is the best thing in the world?" and the answer, "something out of it." So the best thing in this book is, "something out of it," in truth—its "Introduction" written by an American woman, and protesting with grace, skill, and courage against the unfairness of a narrow-minded critic. Let all women strive for this courage. Let them strive at least for that courage which shall scorn to turn from a cause because it is unpopular, for that grace of graces which enables them to speak not only readily, but calmly in defence, and for that skill and insight, which can separate the wheat from the tares. Let them learn the courage of self-reliance; let them be unabashed before the sneer and the inuendo, when directed against the true purpose, and the high endeavor. Let them be able to make whatever positions they conscientiously see fit to take, so strong in true womanhood, that all men shall be convinced that a woman is a better judge of what is womanly than he can be.

But let us consider another of these opposing suggestions. "I don't believe" says one, "in anybody's inalienable or abstract right of suffrage be they male or female." The answer to this is very simple. It is not a question of *abstract* right, but of *sharing* in a measure that is instituted in a free country for the impartial adjustment and administration of the laws for the protection of the people. As I pause in this writing, and turn to the chapter on "English Common Law" in "*The College, the Market, and the Court*," I find that this very point has been discussed:

"To the objector, who declares, although the professed advocate of a republican government, that *there is no such thing* as any abstract right to vote, we reply, that in this particular discussion we don't care about *abstract rights;* what we want is our *own share* of the tangible acknowledged right which human governments confer. If in England this right depends on a property qualification, then we claim that there the property qualification shall endow woman as well as man with the right to suffrage. If in America it depends upon an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, then we demand that our government recognize woman as so endowed, and receive her vote."

"But what is the need of all this agitation?" asks another, who believes in female suffrage as a political movement. "Female Suffrage" he declares, "has got to come, and we all know it, but what is the need of agitations and conventions?" Has any work in this world been done without agitation? Has any great result been achieved without agitation? What does Horace Greeley say, a man who has watched all the moral and political reforms, for years?

"Agitation! Every advance step in science, morals, religion and government, is the result of agitation. The formation of the Republican party, the late war, the proclamation of emancipation, negro suffrage, are all the results of the agitation created by those early abolition 'societies of men, women and children.'"

Every intelligent man knows this to be a fact; he knows it to be a fact even while he puts off the present discussion with the inconsistent question, "what is the need of agitations and conventions?"

But the day is not far distant when those who proposed these questions and objections, will earnestly repudiate them. That day when the weak and the cowardly and the ignorant, too, shall be ashamed of their sneers and their mockery, because of the *popular recognition* of this cause!

In the meantime we will remember that,

—"mockery is the fume of little hearts."

—*Providence Journal.* N. P.

MY ANGEL-DRESS.

HEAVENLY Father, I would wear
Angel-garments, white and fair;
Angel-vesture undefiled
Wilt Thou give unto thy child?

Not a robe of many hues,
Such as earthly fathers choose;
Discord weaves the gaudy vest:
Not in such let me be drest.

Take the raiment soiled away
That I wear with shame to-day:
Give my angel-robe to me,
White with heavenly purity.

Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rags 'twould hide;
Clothe me in my angel-dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

Perfume every fold with love,
Hinting heaven where'er I move;
As an Indian vessel's sails
Whisper of her costly bales.

Let me wear my white robes here,
Even on earth my Father dear,
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

Let me now my white robes wear:
Then I need no more prepare,
All apparelled for my home
Whenso'er thou callest, "Come!"

Thus apparelled, I shall be
As a signal set for Thee,
That the wretched and the weak
May the same fair garments seek.

"Buy of Me," I hear Thee say:
I have naught wherewith to pay,
But I give myself to Thee;
Clothed, adopted I shall be.

"From Lucy Larcom's New Volume of Poems."

OUR PRESENT SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC SERVICE, A RELIC OF SLAVERY.

WE mistresses who try to regulate independently these creatures who come to us we know not whence, and flit away we know not where, little realize that we are bearing up the heavy fag-end of the once universal system under which not only domestic labor, but every possible species of agricultural and manufacturing art, was carried on in the houses or on the estates of their owners by slaves who could no more dream of giving their mistresses warning and leaving the following week, if they disapproved her arrangements, than they could hope to reverse the decrees of fate itself—running away when there was nothing but slavery elsewhere to run to, not holding out those rosy inducements that of late the North did to the Southern bondwoman. Serfdom was at its last gasp in Queen Elizabeth's day, but the tradition of bondage remained for a hundred years or more. In Cromwell's time servants were only paid a few dollars a year; they seldom left their places, and were glad to transmit them to their children after them. But the disorganization begun by emancipation has culminated in our American chaos, where from its very foundation the domestic temple sways and fluctuates uneasily on its ever-changing basis of ill-trained and unprincipled service, creating an antagonistic feeling which renders the relation of mistress and servant but a cold-blooded bargain, formed in suspicion and dissolved with pleasure on the slightest provocation.

All our trouble comes because we are going against the spirit of the age, which revolts against submission to an individual will, but freely subjects itself to the despotism of an organization. American-born girls, as we all know, have long abandoned domestic service for the factory, the shop, and the district school; and the Irish girls are following their example, so that under the present system it is a grave question where, when Irish emigration ceases the servants of the next generation are to come from. Even without this problem to trouble us, however, with the American idea deeply implanted in servants that the maid is as good as the mistress, it is absurd to hope for obedience and respect, and the only way to control them is by the unalterable laws and regulations of an organized corporation. The community would need fewer of them, their wages would be higher, and as service would then be as "respectable" and "independent" as factory work, and (owing to the good meals and lodgings we could easily provide for them) far more comfortable, a much better class of women would go into it than we ever see in our families, while even those who do so badly in private houses, by the accurate division of labor, and the having only *one kind of thing* to attend to all day long, would reach a higher standard of perfection than with their present diversity of duties they are capable of.—*Atlantic Monthly for January.*

ROSSINI.—He was born to music—the son of a strolling horn-player and his singing wife. At seventeen he wanted to begin to compose. Parents do not like children who compose. The parental mind seems to be profoundly depressed by the apprehension that it may have produced a genius. How many of the great painters, of the great poets, of the lesser ones, were warmly encouraged by the parental influence, by especially the paternal? "If my boy were a Michael Angelo, a Beethoven, a Shakespeare, very well; but I don't want any daubers and rhymsters in my family." Of course, good Paterfamilias, Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* when he was in clouts. The elder Rossini would hear of no nonsense of composing. Let my Gioacchino blow a horn, and he shall have my blessing. *Per bacco!* he can become the first horn-blower in Italy! But the father's foot came down about the composing—and the boy's about the horn-blowing. He disobeyed his father. He might have been the first horn-blower in Italy, and he persisted in being—Rossini.—EASY CHAIR, *Harper's Magazine.*

A THANKSGIVING.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm-anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds, that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, the rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the Heavenly in the Human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad:
For thine own great gift of Being
I thank thee, O my God!

From "Lucy Larcom's New Volume of Poems."

SLEEP.—Bronson Alcott, in his "Tablets," says: "Life is a current of spiritual forces. In perpetual tides the stream traverses its vessels to vary its pulsations and perspectives of things, receding from forehead and face into cerebellum and spine, to be replenished night by night from these springs of vigor. The Genius trims our lamps while we sleep. It plumbs us by day and levels us by night. Here recumbent as at nature's navel, her energies flood the spirits with puissance, restoring tone and tension for the coming day's occupations. Then what varying scenes rise to fancy's eye, while the mind lapses out of the globe of thought, the house of the senses, into the palaces of memory, through the gate of dreams! Under the sway of occult forces we partake of preternatural insights, having access to sources of information unopened to us in our wakeful hours. Vast systems of sympathies, antedating and extending beyond our mundane experiences, absorb us within their sphere, relating us to other worlds of life and light; as if stirred by the nocturnal impulses we climbed the empyrean, still crediting the superstition of our affinities with the starry orbs—

'Eternal fathers of whate'er exists below,'

or, pursuing our peregrinations, we plunge suddenly into the abyss of origins, transformed for the moment into slumbering umbilici, skirting the shores of our nativity; or, ascending spine-wise traverse the hierarchy of gifts."

THE FALLING SNOW.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I WATCH to see the dim procession pass—
The struggling, shadowy shapes that come and go;
I sit and watch, through clouded panes of glass,
Through gauzy curtains of the falling snow.

The fairy phantoms of the peopled air
Come softly gliding to the earth below:
I sit and list; I list in vain to hear
The feathery footfall of the falling snow.

No sound, save now and then a muffled hoof
And muffled wheel; and, in the silence, lo!
I sit and worship, 'neath my whitening roof—
The world keeps Sabbath for the falling snow.

White wings are fluttering all around to-day,
Unseen, unheard—the loved of long ago!
Alas! why miss and mourn I, more than they,
The forms that rest beneath the falling snow?

SAVINGS BANKS were first established in Italy in the year 1822. At that time there were four institutions opened at Venice, Padua, Treviso and Revigo repectively. From 1822 to December 31, 1864, there had been 188 Savings Banks established, of which two had suspended and thirteen had not gone fully into operation. The deposits at the end of 1864 amounted to $41,558,666, the proportion of depositors to population was one in every sixty-one, and the average amount to the credit of each person was $104. The Benefit Societies in Italy in 1862 reached the number of 443, of which 66 had been founded previous to 1848, 168 between 1848 and 1860, and 209 between 1860 and 1862. The annual subscription to these societies varies from 20 cents to $4, and the entrance money from 32 cents to $9.40. The co-operative system, it is stated, has been extensively applied to institutions furnishing small loans on Peoples Banks.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the Virtues; and, where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home.—*Alger's "Friendships of Women."*

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AARON M. POWELL, EDITOR.

THE STANDARD advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of MR. PHILLIPS, revised and corrected by himself.

THE STANDARD, though chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Freedom and well-being of the colored race, will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc. It will also present a department of choice Literary Miscellany. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object, THE STANDARD shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

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